The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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With two Republican papers in the county we suppose the Democratic majority stands a chance of climbing up to 2000.

With six newspapers at Bellefonte, one would think would get lively over there. It surely will when Walker tacks up his papers headed "Sheriff's Sale," on the doors of a dozen of 'em.

In Montreal the number of deaths from small-pox since the out-break of the epidemic is 2641, of which 2404 were French-Canadian Catholics, 140 were Catholics of other nationalities and 97 were Protestants. Sixteen hundred of the victims were under five years of age.

Mahone it is said is going west. Havnig sold himself in the Senate and disgraced Virginia by repudiation, the old Commonwealth has spewed him out, and he will be a fine addition to the Western cow-boys—but they must hold their noses shut.

The man who prefers a city weekly to a home paper because "it's got more readin' in it," says an exchange, reminds us of a countryman who picked out the largest pair of boots in the box because they cost him no more than the smaller pair that fitted him.

The Johntown *Tribune* doesn't like the new tax law, "which levies tribute on everyth ng but the babies," and says: "The individual who conceived and framed such a law and the legislature that passed it ought to be confined in some lunatic asylum."

The Keystone Gazette wants to start in now already to commence whipping the Democracy of Centre on the strength of next fall's campaign. Gosh, Cassidy, you must con-ider it a big job after all. Wait a few days and the REPORTER will knock you out with a snow-ball.

It is said that sage tea applied to the the scalp after sickness will prevent the hair from falling out.—*Ex.*

Will bet a fip that no quantity of sage tea would have prevented the hair from being pulled out of the Republican party of New York and Virginia two weeks ago.

Proceedings in the Bell telephone suit at Washington are developing appearances which serve as the basis for a very strong suspicion that the patent was fraudulently obtained. A good deal of evidence has been given to show that Bell was not the original inventor. A monopoly is hateful under any circumstances, but it is particularly odious when founded upon a fraud.

The new tax-law passed this winter swears the taxpayer as to the amount of his personal wealth. It compels him to give under oath a schedule of his moneys, mortgages, judgements, stocks, gold watches and other valuables of a personal character. He must submit them truthfully to the tender mercies of the tax assessor or run the risk of punishment for perjury. And if he chooses to be contumacious the assessor is empowered to fix the amount of his taxable personality, which that officer will be careful not to fix too low. This is the inquistorial feature of the law that makes it particularly obnoxious to its enemies.

The probabilities of war in Eastern Europe increase every day. England is endeavaring to prevent the division of the now united Bulgaria. Russia is enraged at the firmness of Prince Alexander in refusing to become a Russian tool, and urges Turkey to enforce the treaty of Berlin by arms. Servia and Greece insist that if the treaty is to be broken they must be payed an additional territory for their consent. Any day may see either of these two countries invading neighboring territory, as both have mobilized their armies. If a conflict once begins there is no telling how or where it will end, and in that fact lies the interest of Europe in seeking a peaceful solution of the whole question.

Comptroller of the Currency Cannon says the financial situation is "one of waiting." The financiers and business men want to see what Congress is going to do. The clearing house reports and advices from other sources show a brisker movement of money now as there always is this time of year, attendent upon the removal of crops, but there is no unusual activity. The movement of money in the great financial centres is probably not so active as in other years, but the reports show that considerable capital has been put into mercantile business, and, upon the whole, the outlook is very much brighter than it was last year. The Eastern financiers are waiting to learn what is going to be done with relation to silver, and business will not take a real boom until that question is settled.

Another case of the confession of a murder for which another man was innocently convicted has turned up in Illinois.

James Young, a convict, serving a ten year term from Carrol county for burglary, has confessed that he is the murderer of Dr. Allen, of Sandwich. A young man named William Thomas, who is of respectful parentage, was convicted of this murder on the evidence of a female detective from Chicago, and sent to prison for seventeen years. Young is a notorious burgler, who has been an inmate of several Western prisons. In his confession he accurately described the premises where Dr. Allen lived. He also drew a diagram of the house, showing the room in which he claims he had the life and death struggle with the murdered man, from whose grasp he was endeavoring to escape when he committed the murder. The Circuit Court of DeKalb county has issued a writ of habeas corpus for Young, and Sheriff Wood took him from the prison last evening to Sycamore to stand trial for the murder. In the meantime William Thomas has served about six years on his seventeen years term, but he always insisted that he was innocent. Thomas says he knows nothing regarding the man James Young, and never saw or heard of him until he came to the prison to serve his sentence for the Carroll county burglary.

A PAPAL MANIFESTO.

London, Nov. 10.—The Pope's encyclical letter quotes and approves the Syllabus of Pius IX. against modern civilization. It denounces popular government and insists upon the obedience of subjects to their sovereigns, and upon sovereigns' obedience to the Pope. Religion, the Pope says, ought to enter into daily life. He urges Catholics to take part in all political elections.

CURTIN McCLAIN'S CASE.

What the Board of Pardons Thought of the Prisoner's Case.

The papers commuting the death sentence of Curtin McClains to that of imprisonment for life have been signed by Governor Pattison. Following are the reasons of the Pardon Board for recommending the prisoner to executive clemency.

The undersigned members of the Board of Pardon, have had under consideration the case of the Commonwealth vs. Curtin McClain, a convict now under sentence of death for murder in the first degree. The evidence discovered since the trial and sentence, presents a case not free from difficulty, while the new evidence serves in some degree to raise a doubt as to whether the killing was not in a conflict under great excitement and hot blood, and before reason had sufficient time to resume her sway, it does not raise that character of doubt that if we were sitting as jurors, would require us to acquit the prisoner or even to reduce its degree, but on the contrary, the weight of the evidence submitted still leaves us with the belief that the prisoner inflicted the fatal wounds, and that he is a man so reckless of the rights of others as to be dangerous to the peace and order of society. But remembering that we are not to overlook the fact that a refusal by us now to act would consign the prisoner to death, we feel that at such a time and under all the circumstances of this case, that we ought, having a regard to the merciful exercise of our jurisdiction, to recommend the commutation of this sentence to that of imprisonment for life.

REBEL RIEL HANGED.

HE ASCENDS THE SCAFFOLD WITH A BOLD STEP.

His Face Full of Color, He Responds With a Clear Tone to the Services and Dies Without a Struggle.

Regina, N. W., Nov. 16.—Louis David Riel was executed on the scaffold at the barracks of the mounted police, near this city, for high treason against the Queen of Great Britain, at 8.23 o'clock this morning (mountain time.)

At a mile from the barracks mounted patrols challenged all persons and compelled them to disclose written passes. Two other lines of guards were stationed at points nearer the post, and here the same precautions were observed. No one was permitted to enter the guard room until 8.12 o'clock. The scene presented then was that of Riel on the scaffold with Pere Andre and Father McWilliams with him celebrating mass. Riel was on his bended knees, wearing a loose woolen surtout, gray trousers and a woolen shirt. On his feet were moccasins, the only feature of his dress that partook of the Indian that was in him. He received the notice to proceed to the scaffold in the same composed manner shown the preceding night on receiving the warning of his fate. His face was full of color and he appeared to have complete self-possession. The prisoner decided only a moment before starting for the scaffold not to make a speech. This was owing to the earnest solicitation of both the priests attending him. He displayed an inclination at the last moment to make an address, but Pere Andre reminded him of his promise, and then he rose and walked toward the executioner, repeating his prayers to the last moment, the final words escaping being "Merci Jesus."

He died without a struggle. Not to exceed twenty persons were permitted within the confines of the barracks to witness the execution, and it was certainly performed with decorum and dispatch. His body was taken in charge by the Coroner and the verdict usual to all State executions was rendered.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, RAVAGED BY AN AWFUL HOLOCAUST.

Hundreds of Families of the Richest and Poorest of the Southwestern Metropolis in the Midst of Ruins.

Galveston, Nov. 13.—At 1:45 o'clock this morning the most destructive fire in the history of Galveston broke out in a small foundry and car repairing shop on the north side of Avenue A, known as the "Strand," between Sixteenth and Fifteenth streets. A fierce gale from the north was blowing at the time, and flames spread with lightning rapidity to both of the adjoining buildings, one being a grocery store and the other a humble dwelling. In a twinkling the long, fiery tongues had crossed the street and two more dwellings were in flames, the inmates barely escaping with their lives. The heat became so intense that the firemen had to abandon their positions, and the wind arose and carried myriads of sparks to the premises east of Avenue A.

About four o'clock the fire began to spread to the east and the west of Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, the wind rose high to a gale, and pandemonium reigned. For a time it seemed as though the entire eastern half of the city was doomed. The fire spread rapidly to the southward, licking up the blocks of elegant residences hastily abandoned by their inmates.

By 5 o'clock it had reached Broadway, which threads the centre of the island running east and west. At 7 o'clock the wind gave signs of dying away and shortly it began to shift, then to decrease, until by 8 o'clock only a fair breeze was blowing. But by this time the fire had eaten its way to Avenue O, and at 9:30 o'clock was within two blocks of the Gulf.

At 11:20 the fire reached the beach, which is a distance of about a mile and a half from where it started. In some places the path of the fire is six or seven blocks wide.

The burned district covers fifty-two blocks, seven of which are not swept entirely clean. It is sixteen blocks in depth, and averages a width of three blocks. From the house-top the smoking burned district resembles a huge black half-opened fan, lying across the island from the Bay nearly to the Gulf.

About 400 houses were burned, which were occupied by fully 1,000 families. From Avenue A to Avenue F for four squares the burned dwellings were occupied almost entirely by the poorer class, and several families were crowned in a single house in this strip. From Avenue E, however, the burned district includes the wealthiest and most fashionable portion of the city. One hundred elegantly furnished mansions are in ruins.

Many of these residences had beautiful gardens attached to them, and the money loss does not represent over half their value. All manner of estimates are to be heard at this time. The City Assessor says the taxable value of the dwellings burned is $650,000. This makes the actual value of the property $1,500,000, which perhaps represents the loss in money.

A TORNADO'S FATAL WORK.

Thirteen Persons Killed Outright and Forty or Fifty Wounded.

Selma, Ala., Nov. 9.—One of the most terrific storms ever known in this State passed just north of this city on Friday night. It washed away bridges, railroad beds, growing crops, and leveled forests and houses for miles. The tornado, accompanied by torrents of rain and appalling electric discharges, started on Cahaba River, passed through Dallas, Perry, and Bibb counties, overturning houses and villas. Relief parties say the track of the tornado was half a mile wide. They have gone over forty miles picking up dead and wounded, and do not know how much longer the track is.

Thirteen persons have been found killed outright, and forty or fifty dangerously wounded. A number of persons cannot be accounted for. Bales of cotton, blown from gin houses, burst open, and were scattered everywhere. No two locks of lint were left together. A man driving with cotton to the city has been lost. The cotton and wagon were blown a quarter of a mile, and the man and mules carried off and cannot be found. Growing crops of potatoes, &c.; were torn up from the ground. Even trees and cotton stalks were barked.

Relief parties are searching for the dead and dying, and everything is being done to relieve the destitution. The negroes are frightened nearly to death, and huddle together beside fallen trees, stupified with fear, and unable to tell where their families are. The city is being canvassed for subscriptions to bury the dead and relieve the wants of the destitute.

Dangerfield, Texas, Nov. 9.—Later accounts show that the tornado in Cass co. on Thursday evening was worse than at first reported. Its breadth was thirty yards. The spiral shaped cloud moved with awful velocity and a terrific roar crushing dwellings and outbuildings, scattering their contents far and wide, and carrying death and destruction in its pathway. Hardy Pitman and his three children, six, seven, and eight years old, and also a 9 year old boy named Richard Hawthorne, were instantly killed by the destruction of their residence. It is supposed the former will die from her injuries. Reports of other casualties are expected. After the storm a turkey was found completely stripped of his feathers. The extent of the damage is not known.

Mr. Moody held meetings two days at Bellefonte and does not seem to have succeeded in touching the sciences of the Republican editors there—they print the same wicked politics still.

ONE CENT DAMAGE.

Washington, Nov. 13.—In the Circuit Court to-day, in the case of Rev. W. W. Hicks vs. the *Evening Star* Newspaper Company for libel, the jury found a verdict for plaintiff for one cent damages. Hicks was the spiritual adviser of Guiteau, and the *Star* charged him with selling Guiteau's body to the Army Medical Museum, for which Hicks claimed $35,000 damages.

That ministers pay as little attention to wholesome teachings of a sermon as many of their hearers was shown at the Moody meetings at Bellefonte, last week. Quite a large attendance of ministers graced the Evangelist's audience, and it is told us that he dwelt upon the uselessness of long and audience-wearying prayers, and yet no minister that followed in prayer took the hint, but just went out on a regular north-pole expedition.

KILLED FOURTEEN MEN.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 15.—Alf Little, called "the Breathitt county desperado," was yesterday sentenced in the United States Court for 16 years on the charge of forging pension papers and Post Office orders. Little is now 45 years of age and is credited with the murder of fourteen men. Before he reached the age of manhood he killed one of his playmates. Later he murdered three brothers. Once, when passing a sick man's house, he entered the sick chamber, dragged the invalid out of bed, and kicked him to death. A year or so ago the militia was ordered to suppress Little.

MANN'S AXE WORKS.

The Historic Industry to be Rebuilt and Work Resumed.

What are known as Mann's Axe Works, and which have been idle for some time, will soon be rebuilt and a resumption of the old-time activity around the establishment will follow. Mr. J. Fearon Mann has sold a half interest in the Boiling Springs and Milesburg factories to Mr Archey Allison, of Potters Mills, for $12,000. A partnership has been formed between Messrs. Mann and Allison, and they propose to begin in rebuilding immediately. They expect to be ready to manufacture axes by the middle of December, or perhaps sooner, and will have a capacity of putting out from 300 to 600 axes per day. Between fifty and seventy-five men will find steady employment. Mr. Mann informed the writer that the axe trade at the present time was dull, and if the firm had consulted its own interests it would not have started up before next April, but in order to give all the work possible during the coming winter they start up this fall. This is commendable on the part of Mann & Allison, and it is wished that many men would do likewise.—*Gazette.*

GOLD IN AN OLD BOOT.

Said an old timer: "I never saw a ghost, but I once made a pretty good raise where I at first thought I had found a dead man. I was prospecting down in Amador county, California. One day I went up the creek about a mile, and seated myself on a rock to rest. Across the stream, on the opposite bank were the remains of three or four old cabins. Some of these had almost tumbled into the creek from the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observed that part of the fireplace of a near cabin had tumbled down the bank toward the creek, and that the foot of an old gum boot was sticking out of the dirt. It seemed to project from beneath the stones forming the hearth of the old chimney. I thought it was strange that any man should have laid his hearth over an old gum boot. Then it occurred to me that some man might have been murdered and buried under the hearth.

"Crossing the creek to the old chimney, I found that the foot of the old boot projected from under a large flat stone that was still in place. I lifted the stone, and found that there was only one boot there, and no sign of a human skeleton nor bones of any kind. I kicked the old boot down the bank, and then took a pan of old dirt and ashes out of the old fireplace, as I had in several instances made pretty fair strikes in old hearths, for it is well known that the early miners were often careless and lost a good deal of fine gold in retorting it—burning out the quicksilver it contained on shovels. As I was passing down the bank I came to the old boot, and, in passing, gave it another kick, sending it almost into the creek. It landed leg down hill, and from the end poured a golden shower of nuggets and dust.

"In a moment I threw the dirt out of my pan and reversed the boot over it, when out tumbled two large buckskin bags filled with gold dust. So long had the treasure lain concealed under the hearth that the strings with which the bags were tied had rotted, and one gave way under the kicks I had bestowed upon the old boot. When all the gold was gathered up I found that I had nearly $2,000."

Both peace and war are noble or ignoble, according to their kind and occasion. No man has a profounder sense of the horror and guilt of ignoble war than I have. But peace may be sought in two ways, you may either win your peace or buy it—win it by resistance to evil—buy it by compromise with evil.

WIGS AND THEIR MAKERS.

One of the few markets for woman's work which is not overcrowded and at which competent and fairly intelligent girls can earn good wages from the first day they enter upon the profession is that which includes the working, cutting and general arrangement of the human hair. At present the hair trade, like every other branch of business, is remarkably dull, but in this case there is a special reason for depression. "Short hair," said a leading tonsorial artist, "has spoiled the business. I hope to goodness it will go out of fashion soon; there is no money in it at all. It takes six or eight people all day to earn $10 cutting hair. Give me," he added, waxing pathetic, "anything, anything rather than short hair." The average wages for female hair-dressers is $8 per week, rising to $18 and sinking to $5. A girl who understands the whole business thoroughly in all its branches can command $18 anywhere. One hair-dresser has at the present time two in his employ who command that sum. This merchant employs at the present time about forty girls. Two years ago he had 180 and paid $700 weekly in wages to female help. Other hair-dressers also employ young ladies. It need not be said that the profits of the profession lie in the false hair department. The leading hair-dressers of the city average three wigs a day, even in the present dull times.

Ladies who have had their hair cut and are tired of it buy wigs or switches to wear in the street. Those whose hair is poor or suffer from baldness wear them at all times. Girls who confine their attention to hair-working alone earn from $5 to $10 a week. It is an art that needs some skill and no small amount of patience and perseverance to succeed with. The hair with which the wigs are made is collected by special drummers in Germany and France. England and Belgium are but poor markets for hair, not because of its scarcity, for both English and Belgian women have the finest heads of hair in the world, but because they will not sell it. When collected it is put through a cleansing process severe enough to fetch the dirt out of an elephant's hide and then dyed several times over. The best hair-dressers never buy hair from the head or from private hands. To this rule, however, there are two exceptions. Perfectly white hair is so rare that it is grabbed eagerly from any source and a liberal price given for it.

Natural curling hair is also of considerable value. A good wig of white hair costs about $40 but (and this secret of the trade and can only be told in a whisper) the materials of which these wigs are made is clipped from the festive goat, and never from the human head. A peculiarly soft, silky kind of snow-white hair originates on the Angora rabbit. A perfectly white and abundant wig of white human hair would cost $1,000 at least, a price which few ladies would be willing to pay. Dead hair—that is, hair cut from the head after death—is never used by any theatrical artist worthy of the name. Indeed, it cannot be used to any advantage, as it will neither curl, twist or manipulate. Hair cut from a living head is not dead, a fact which can easily be proved by taking a hair and stretching it out to its utmost capacity. It will then contract quietly back to its former position.

GEN. PUTNAM'S NEGLECTED GRAVE.

Probably the one thing which is most prominently associated with the name of Israel Putnam in the popular mind is his celebrated feat of daring up in the beautiful town of Pomfret, where, a century ago, he killed in her den a she wolf which had been depredating upon the surrounding country. But this Revolutionary hero's fame does not depend upon this single and abnormally magnified incident of his career, and there is considerable ground for the indignant complaints which are publicly made about the neglect of his grave in the old cemetery in the neighboring town of Brooklyn. The spot of his burial is marked by a marble slab lying flat on a heap of stones and badly chipped by relic hunters. It seems strange that in these days of monuments a suitable one has not been erected to commemorate the virtues of him who distinguished himself in the French war; who was captured and nearly roasted alive by Indians in 1758, who was conspicuous for his bravery in the cause of liberty at the battle of Bunker Hill, who became a Major-General in 1775, who was appointed commander of the Amy of the Highlands in New York in 1777, who superintended the erection of the fortifications at West Point, and who, while in command in Connecticut, displayed his bravery and intrepidity in various perils of his time.

The intellectual faculty is a goodly field capable of great improvement; and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles.

THIS MEANS WAR.

SERVIA FLINGS DOWN THE GAUNTLET TO BULGARIA.

The Advance of the English Troops into Bulgaria.

London, Nov. 14.—The Servian Government has informed M. Rangabe, the acting Servian Agent in Bulgaria, that in consequence of the unjustifiable attacks on Servians and the invasion of Servian territory by Bulgarians, Servia has decided to declare war against Bulgaria. In a skirmish at Tru yesterday eight Servians and one Bulgarian were killed.

The Russian Government has stopped the annual subvention of 150,000 roubles to Prince Alexandria. Persistent reports are current in Bulgaria to the effect that Russia intends to withdraw her consuls from Bulgaria.

Such action it is believed would excite the Bulgarians against Prince Alexander. At yesterday's sitting of the Balkan Conference, at Constantinople, Herr Von Radowitz, German Embassador, endeavored to conciliate the British and Russian embassadors, Mr. White and M. Nelidoff, who had divergent views.

MARCHING ON MANDALAY.

The English Rapidly Advancing Toward Theebaw's Capital.

Calcutta, Nov, 13.—Lord Duffering, Viceroy of India, has ordered General Prendergast, commander of the Burmah expeditionary force, to invade Burmah forthwith and with all haste to capture Mandalay. The British forces will now cross the frontier immediately. Recent dispatches from Rangoon state that the inhabitants of districts in British Burmah where no large garrisons are maintained, are greatly alarmed over the reports that Theebaw has subsidized 15,000 Dacoites to cross the frontier and begin plundering and murdering at the first note of war. The Dacoites are robbers who work in large gangs, and are noted for their bold exploits. Having neither baggage nor a commi-siariat, these bands travel with marvelous speed, and it will be hard for the British troops to catch them.

Rangoon, Nov. 13.—The British troops will mass at Thaetmyo and thence make an attack on Minhla, where Burmese troops are arriving. Reinforcements have been sent to Loangboo, which is menaced by a force of 6,000 Burmese.

THE BALKANS ABLAZE.

After Desperate Fighting the Bulgarians Are Defeated

Belgrade, Nov. 16. After desperate fighting yesterday the Servians troops occupied positions at Raptcha. The losses on both sides were heavy. The victory enabled them to turn the very rocky gorge of Dragoman Pass, and the Bulgarians after a gallant resistance retreated to Slivnitza. Colonel Djuknitch commanding the Timok Divisions, drove the Bulgarians from the intrenchments at Kieia, and captured 150 prisoners. The total Servian loss is two officers and 50 men killed, and 200 wounded.

The Servian troops continue advancing everywhere, and have captured 400 Bulgarian prisoners.

The direct road to Sofia passes through Tzaribrod and Dragoman; but another route runs by way of Trn, and turns both defiles of Tzaribrod and Dragoman reaching Sofia by way Bresnik. It was on the latter road the fight of yesterday took place.

The Servians are making Sofia the objective point of their campaign, not only because of the moral effect that would result from the capture of the Bulgarian capital, but because they claim that it and the surrounding country belongs of right to their nation and not to Bulgaria.

PATRICK CURRAN AGAIN.

He Tells of Another Crime in Which He Was a Participant, Near Snow Shoe, Centre County.

[Williamsport Gazette & Bulletin.]

Thursday Patrick Curran the self-confessed murderer, now confined in the county prison, had another talk with his nurses, and the following was written down by them as it came from his lips:

"I was implicated in a job near Snowshoe with a man named Snyder. There was a man standing there who was suspected of having a large sum of money in his possession. Snyder came to me and asked me if I wanted to make money easy; as I was ready to do almost anything I told him 'yes.' We went to work to perfect our plans and laid in wait for him one night. Snyder struck him on the head with the limb of a tree and knocked him senseless. Snyder took all the money from him—something over $1000, and left him liethere and started off. Several days before we went away, Snyder promised to meet me at a certian place and divide the money. I went to this place at the time appointed, but he failed to put in appearance; he skipped out and I never got any of the money. The man recovered from the blow, but he no ranyone else ever knew who did the job. I followed counterfeiting for a number of years and made plenty of money. I received my information and was kept posted by a man named Garman, who ought to have been sent to the penitentiary years ago, for a worse man never stood in shoe leather."

In reply to a question asked him if he had any money, Curran said: "Yes I have but you nor no one else will ever get it. I have got it hid where all hell can't find it." He afterwards said he had some money near Trout Run.

DEATH OF PATRICK CURRAN.

Patrick Curran, the self-confessed murderer, died at the county jail at three o'clock Sunday afternoon. The remains were taken in charge by the Page brothers, undertakers, who will have them properly buried. The old man's last days were made up of suffering and remorse for his past misdeeds, and death was his only relief. He was in his eighty-second year.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

The autumn night is dark and cold;
The wind blows loud; the year grows old;
The dead leaves whirl and rustle chill;
The cricket's chirp is long and shrill;
The skies that were so soft and warm
Mutter and bode of gathering storm.
And now within the homes of men
The sacred hearth-fires gleam again,
And joy and cheer and friendship sweet
Within the charmed circle meet.

The children watch with new delight
The first fire, dancing redly bright,
That drives away the dark and cold;
And Grace's slender fingers hold
A braided fan from Mexico.
To make the broad flames flare and glow.

Alert, alive, they leap and run
Like fierce bright streamers of the sun;
They shine on Robert's placid face,
And tint the pensive cheek of Grace,
And chase away the doubtful gloom
From every corner of the room.

O pleasant thought!—that far and near
Are gathering 'round each hearthstone dear
Bright faces, happy smiles, and eyes
Sweet with the summer's memories!
O holy altar-fires of home!
Tho' far and wide the children roam,
Your charm for them shall still endure
With love so strong and peace so sure.

DOCTORED TO DEATH.

John Borie sighed. No need had one to ask why. A glance at the untidy room revealed the cause. He looked like a man of pluck, John did, and he was. His shop had grown into goodly dimensions, for he did most of the plumping for a large and rapidly growing village, so that he had taken the whole of the little house in which he commenced life as a married man, for his business, and moved his family into a little cottage not quite a mile away. The people of Laketown talked of John as a rising man, but they shook their heads at sight or mention of Alice Borie, his wife. Alice had been a little beauty at eighteen, and that was ten years ago. Now, she was only twenty-eight, but looking more than ten years older.

"How do you feel this morning, dear?" he asked, as the door opened from an adjoining room, and Alice came in, her hair uncombed, her soiled morning dress dragging behind her, her cheeks white and flabby, her eyes glittering unwholesomely.

"I don't know. I wish I did," drawled Alice, in the plaintive voice of one ill used by circumstances.

"Any pain?"

"Why, no, I haven't pain. I almost wish I had. There's such a dreadful sinking. Aunt Milly used to have such turns; a sort of goneness and faintness. You know she died of heart disease.

"At the age of seventy. Yes, I remember," replied John, as he shook up the pillow in a large rocking chair, and drew a carpet-cricket under her feet. "Shall I send Jenny in with some breakfast now?"

Alice nodded her head.

"No, I'll take the wine-bitters," if you'll pour them out; and please get the iron stuff that Dr. Ford left yesterday, and a spoon, and draw the little table up. Oh, such a languid feeling!"

John did as he was desired.

"There! now you are comfortable," he said. "I'll tell Jenny to look in. You may need a cup of tea, and you had better eat something to keep up your strength. I dressed Benny and Minny the best I could, and they took breakfast with me; after which I sent them off to school. I tried to tidy the room against you came out, but hadn't time. Jenny will do that, though she is washing, and very cross. Now for business. I'll come home to dinner as soon as I can. Do try to get a little color, dear. I can't bear to see you sick," he added, as he stooped down and kissed her.

"Color? She?" sniffed Jenny, who was a very distant cousin, and availed herself of the privileges of relationship, though she was "the girl." She had opened the door as John spoke, and now retreated with an angry red in her face. "I wish he could see her eat sometimes. If 'twasn't for him, poor soul, I wouldn't stay and do the work I do for the wages, not I." Then, as she heard the door shut, she retraced her steps, and entered the living-room.

"I wish you could clear up a little," said Alice, fretfully. It makes my head ache to see so much dirt."

"Then I'm afraid it'll have to ache till the washing is done, Miss Borie, retorted Jennie, her manner entirely wanting in respect. "I came in to see if you're going to take any breakfast. There's some slapjacks, and a cold sausage; and if you must have it, I s'pose I could toast you some bread."

"Don't! Don't!" ejaculated Alice, faintly. "I don't feel as if I could touch a thing, unless it was some gruel with raisins in it. Dr. Ford said raisins would agree with me."

"As for gruel—in this hurry—there's no mentioning it. The fire's all took up, but I'll fix you a bit of toast and a cup of coffee. I guess that won't hurt you; and without pausing to hear yea or nay, she flounced out of the room.

"Oh, that miserable girl! And my nerves in such a state!" moaned Alice, leaning back upon her pillow, and closing her eyes. "If I only could get well, and see to things.

Nevertheless, she made a comfortable breakfast on toast and coffee, a dozen little cakes that John had brought home the night before, and a bunch of delicious white grapes. Then she solaced herself with some nerve-bitters, two pills, and a novel, which bore on its flashy back and sides the marks of many thumbs.

Rattle and dash! the sound of a horn, a flourish on the wide sweep in front of the house. What was it?

Jenny came in, bare arms uplifted, and apron white with suds.

"The land protect us, Miss Borie! Company's come," she said, aghast. "There's isn't a mite of cake in the house, nor bread, nuther. No, nor so much as a taste of yeast, and the butter's all out. The children drunk the last speck of milk, and I scraped the flour-bag yesterday."

Ring went the bell, sounding through every corner of the house.

"That's a yank!" exclaimed Jenny, trying to tuck up her whisp of black hair. "Well, come she must, bad as it looks. So here goes!" and she plunged into the entry, and made for the door.

As for Alice, the excitement, and the shame, and the wonder, all together, had brought sufficient color to her face to give the lie to all her pretension. Hair, dress, surroundings, were all snatched at, and that was all. Nothing could be bettered—dirt, untidiness, sickness, all remain the same, as an awful shadow fell upon her.

"Your girl says you're sick. Well, I'm proper sorry. But you ain't looking so dretfully down in the mouth, either. Perhaps you've heern John speak of me. I'm Emery Jane Borie, his oldest sister; fact, I'm his only one now. You see I've been traveling a long time, for once in sixty years, and I hain't set eyes on John for fifteen next Christmas; an' so I had to come. Well, you don't tell me to take off my things, but I s'pose I'm welcome in my own brother's house."

"Certainly, of course, Jenny, take Miss Emily's things—"

"Emery, child. Emery Jane. Been in the family for ginerations an' ginerations—that is the name has. Now, don't let me put you out a bit. If you're sick, its all the same. I'm used to doin' for myself; and, in fact, it kinder comes second nature. Here, young woman, be careful of that bonnet. I've on'y had it five years, and it's kep' wonderful.

"You must be hungry," said Alice, whose face had grown pale again from excessive agitation.

"Not a bit of it. I knowed you might be onprepared, so I took a bite and a sup at the depot, and I don't want you to fuzzle yourself a bit about me. Bless me, can't I do something for you?"

"You must excuse the looks of the room," said Alice, almost crying; "but Jenny is so busy washing-days, and I'm so sick!"

"Now, don't say a word. Not a word. Won't take me a minute to put things a leetle straight. You sit still and take comfort. Why, what's the matter of you? Seems to me you are a sort o' peekid."

"I haven't been well for years," moaned Alice.

"Hip complaint, spasms, or anything o' that sort?" queried Emery Jane, who, as if a charm worked at the tips of her fingers, straightened and brightened everything she touched; then, placing a pair of spectacles over her prim little nose, proceeded to work at a stocking which she had picked from some corner of her dress. "Rheumatics is dreadful prevalent in the parts I come from. Mebby you've had a fever, though. No matter what it is, I'll nuss you till you're well agin. Now, you jest sit comfortable, and let me talk to you. John's well, I hope. That boy never had a sick day in his life. I alwus told him he'd get a sickly wife. Got two children, haven't you? Both to school, eh? Oh, you're takin' your medicine! What is it? Wine-bitters? Don't believe it comes up to my summer-cordial. Why, I could make a fortune out of it ef I was so minded. John's father was a doctor, you know; one of the good, old-fashioned sort. I've got all his books, and all his receipts. They call me the doctor, down to home, and I do lots o' cures, I can tell you.

Alice longed to scream—to fly—to do all sorts of impossible things, to get out of the way of this overflowing babble, but there was nothing to do but to bear it. Her nerves were on edge; and when John came home, astonished beyond measure at this raid on his household, she came near going into hysterics.

Aunt Emery Jane's visit was beneficial in one way. Alice could enjoy the luxury of solitude in her own room, and stolen bits of her borrowed novels, sure that all the housenoid would go right. Emery Jane was a prodigious worker. John had never known what real comfort was since he left his prim New England home, to make his fortune in the West. The little ones were kept rosy and shining, for Emery Jane adored children, and had the secret of attraction for them, so that they no longer went about in soiled pinafores; but the neighbors ascribed it all to the odd, quaint little Miss Emery Jane.

Emery was keen in her way. She soon fathomed the trouble in her brother's household. Saying little to his wife for the time, never making light of her ailments, and determined to give the self-styled invalid the benefit of her wisdom.

"Doctors will be the death of you," Miss Borie," she said one day. "That's the seventh time you've taken medicine this morning'. How long hev you been living on medicine as a straight along diet?"

"I'm sure, Miss Emery, I'd do without if I could. But if you knew what awful feelings I have! Sometimes I think I am going to die."

"Yes. I've got a neighbor to home, whose been at the pint of death twenty-five times in ten years," said Miss Emery, solemnly. "It's nothing but nerves. I took her in hand, and cured her. I've got an elixir my poor father left. Costs a proper sight o' money to put up an ounce, and never fails."

"Oh! Emery, what is it? I'd give a thousand dollars to be cured."

"Well, I'd cure you for nothin'. It's wonderful stuff. Why, people have been riz right out o' their beds, that were given over."

"I must have it," said Alice. "I'll take it, and be glad to."

"I've got some with me."

"Oh, let me see it," said Alice.

Emery went up to her room and soon returned holding a two-inch long bottle, half-full of a pure amber-colored liquid, that looked like a flame.

"How much must I take?" queried Alice.

"Three drops is a dose. It's precious," was Emery Jane's reply.

The medicine was measured out, and very eagerly taken.

"There, now, you must lay down, and keep as still as possible for ten hours; and if by that time a sweat breaks out, you're all right. If it don't—"

She shook her head.

"And what if it don't?" questioned Alice.

"Well," said Emery Jane, with a solemn countenance, "that medicine is either kill or cure. There's no humbug about that."

"What!" screamed Alice, in sudden terror. "You said it would cure me."

"And so it will—if it don't the other thing.

"Oh, you've poisoned me!" moaned Alice. "I'm sure I shall die. "Oh! John, John! Run for John! I feel as if I were dying already."

"Well, my dear, then you'll be nicely out of your trouble," said Emery Jane, soothingly: "which I'm sure life must be a burden to you, and to John, too, poor soul. Then he'll marry some strong, healthy girl, who knows enough to keep out of the doctor's hands, and have some comfort of his life. I've often thought how he might enloy his home, if he had such a woman as that pretty, happy creature who called to see you yesterday. Such rosy cheeks and bright eyes! I noticed how John looked at her, and I don't wonder."

"Miss Emery, you're a wicked woman!" cried Alice, with new energy.

"Well, my dear, I ain't a sick one, thank goodness," said her sister-in-law, with imperturable good nature.

"And you're in league with John to do away with me," sobbed the angry wife.

"I'd do away with myself, if I hadn't any more life than you. And you ought to be thankful that somebody has took you in hand," responded the little old maid.

"I'll not die! You shan't kill me!" and Alice flounced out of the bed like a mad creature. "I never felt stronger in my life, and I'm going to dress me, and go right down to John's store, and tell him how you've talked to me. He marry that turnip-faced Morrill girl! She lord it over my children—or anybody else! We'll see!" And she actually did get on her hat and shawl, and go out of the house, with hurried step and heightened color."

"I thought it would cure her," said Miss Emery, with an odd little laugh.

We pass over the immediate consequences, which were partly ludicrous; for John and Miss Emery had been in league togetoer some time, and hasten to say that never was cure more complete.

Alice regained her beauty, almost her youth; but she always retained two distinct and separate grudges; one against Emery Jane, the other toward poor, unconscious Mary Morrill, who never could tell why her old friend had dropped her so suddenly.

John was the gainer, however. His home became to him what home should always be—earth's Paradise.

A Lunch by the Wayside.

"Brakesman," inquired a passenger on the Kankakee line as the train stopped at Lafayette, "how long does this train stand here?"

"Seven minutes. There's the lunch-room across the street there."

In a minute and a half the bell rang, the conductor shouted "All aboard," and as the train moved swiftly out from the station a man was seen running across the street. Mud flew from his feet and mince pie from his mouth. At his heels barked a yaller dog, snapping for the ham sandwich which the man swung wildly in his left hand. He attempted to shout for the train to stop, and choked on a piece of bone in the pie, and his voice was lost amid the rattle of the wheels and the howling of the dog. The passengers stuck their heads out of the windows and smiled, while ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Convulsively grasping the hand-rail of the rear coach, he hung on until the buttons were all burst from his pants and the brakesman came to his rescue. When that worthy had succeeded in pulling him to the platform he hitched up his pantaloons, gasped for breath and exclaimed:

"Why-why don't you gi-give a man time to eat his lunch?"

"We do," replied the brakesman with a fine curl of sarcasm on his coal-sooted lip, "but we can't allow time for a passenger to stop off and give a street show. There's some pie on your shirt-front, sir."

Trials of a Schoolmaster.

The following amusing dialogue took place between a German schoolmaster and an incorrigible scholar, to whom the former was endeavoring without avail to illustrate an example in simple addition:

Teacher—"If you had a stocking on one foot and was to put one on the other, how many would you have on?"

Scholar—"I don't wear stockings at all."

Teacher—"But if your father had one pig in the pen and bought another, how many would he have?"

Scholar—"We don't feed any pigs."

Teacher—"Or if you have one jacket and your grandmother gives you another for Christmas, how many jackets will you have?"

Scholar—"She won't give me any."

Teacher—"But suppose you have one apple and your mother gives you another, how many will you have?"

Scholar—"Our apples are all sour. They give me the stomach ache. I don't care for any."

Teacher—"You give a poor little beggar a piece of bread, but he already has a piece in his pocket, how many pieces will he have?"

Scholar—"I eat my bread myself."

The teacher with a sigh, turns to the next scholar and obtains satisfactory answers.

Nicknames of English Regiments.

Some of the English regiments now preparing for the Soudan campaign have very odd nicknames. The Twenty-second is called the "Two Two's" for short, the Thirty-eighth figures as the "Pump and Tortoises," the Fifty-third as "Brick Dusts," the seventieth as the "Tame Tigers," the One Hundred and Third as the "Old Toughs," while the Fiftieth are designated as the "Blind Half Hundred," from their sufferings from opthalmia in Egypt in 1801. Then there are the "Cauliflowers," the "Black Watch," the "Surprisers" and the "Old Bucks." Many of these names were acquired anterior to the American revolution and still stick to them, despite the many reorganizations.

Commending a right thing is a cheap substitute for doing it, and with this we are too apt to satisfy ourselves.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

A latent discontent is the secret spur of all our enterprise.

Honesty, like gold, is frequently used to plate base metals.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as geometry

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

Resist not the laws; they are the safeguards of the people.

Politeness is the just medium between form and rudeness.

Never be offended at the presentation of a bill that is business.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.

There are always two sides to a story hear both, and then decide.

Hope is the dream of a waking man; if hope be lost, all seems lost.

An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.

Borrowing money is a bad habit; and borrowing trouble is no better.

Women are afflicted by trifles, but they are also consoled by trifles.

The language of women should be luminous, but not voluminous.

He who buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

Characters never change; opinions alter; characters are only developed.

An ounce of mother, says the Spanish proverb, is worth a pound of clergy.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them.

Difficulties between step-mothers and children are often aggravated by outsiders.

The ruin of most men date from some idle hour. Occupation is an armor to the soul.

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see everything the wrong way.

Trust not a woman when she weeps for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.

If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the whole world would kick the beam.

Those though in highest place, who slight and disoblige their friends, shall infallibly come to know the value of them.

I am often sorry for people who lose half their possible good in the world by being more alive to deficiencies than to positive merits.

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

It is through madness we hate an enemy, and think of revenge ourselves; and it is through indolence we are appeased, and do not revenge ourselves.

The pleasures of the world are deceitful, they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them and they make us despair in losing them.

That mind will be the more vigorous whose physical habitation is kept in the best repair—that is, taxed sufficiently to render it healthy, but not overtaxed.

A fine lady is a squirrel-headed thing with small airs and small notions; about as applicable to the business of life as a pair of tweezers to the clearing of a forest.

Life in all its various phases is made up of receiving and bestowing, and he who fancies he can do without either loses more than half of life's power and happiness.

It is injurious to be in a hurry, and delay is often equally so; he is wise who does everything in proper time. Tardiness and precipitation are extremes equally to be avoided.

One great reason why many children abandon themselves wholly to silly sports, and trifle away all their time insipidly, is because they have found their curiosity balked.

We should do nothing inconsistent with the spirit and genius of our institutions. We should do nothing for revenge, but everything for security; nothing for the past, everything for the present and the future.

Little eyes must be good tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty.

Everybody is making mistakes. Everybody is finding out afterwards that he has made a mistake. But there can be no greater mistake than the stopping to worry over a mistake already made.

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to a very few, are the best securities both of peace and a good understanding with the world, and to the inward peace of our own minds.

There are many women who have never intrigued, and many men who have never gained, but those who have done either but once are very extraordinary animals, and are more worthy of a glass case when they die than half the exotics in the British museum.

To a man who is uncorrupt and properly constituted, woman remains always something of a mystery and a romance. He never interprets her quite literally. She, on her part, is always striving to remain a poem, and is never weary of bringing out new editions of herself in novel bindings.

Cleopatra is a real woman—she loves and deceives at the same time. It is an error to suppose that when women deceive us they have therefore ceased to love us. They are only following their native instinct, and even when they have no wish to drain a forbidden cup they like to sip a little at the rim, just to try how poison tastes.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Four inches of snow—the first of the season there—fell at Chester, Vermont, on the 1st. The tops of Catskill Mountains on the 2d, were covered with snow.

—An effort will be made in Cincinnati to test the constitutionality of the Registry law passed by the last Legislature. A. H. Bugher, who had not registered, voted in a precinct of the Fifth Ward. The election judges of that precinct were arrested on the 3d for receiving the vote, and it is understood a habeas corpus proceeding before the Supreme Court will be brought to test the law.

—The Register of the Treasury reports that of the $1,071,460,262 U. S. registered bonds, only $11,927,900 are held abroad.

—The Governor General of Canada has signed the commission of Sir Leonard Tilley as Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick.

—Secretary Lamar, acting upon reports from agents in the Indian Territory, has requested the War Department to remove the "Boomers" from the Oklohoma lands. The agents report to the effect that "large numbers of persons supposed to be Boomers, but claiming to be frieghters, are crossing the Kansas border into the Indian Territory."

—The cases of the men under sentence of death for participation in the Northwest rebellion are now before the Governor General of Canada.

—Shortly before 8 o'clock on the 3d, President Cleveland cast his ballot for the Democratic ticket in the First District of the Eighth Ward of Buffalo. It was expected that he would leave for Washington in the evening.

—During the election in Baltimore on the 3d, John Hebrew, colored, solicited another colored man to vote the Democratic ticket. He was assaulted by several other colored men, and one of them known as "Sheep" Brown, shot him through the body, inflicting a wound which is likely to prove fatal.

—At the election in Philadelphia on the 3d a large vote was polled for an "off year," Judge Biddle receiving the handsome total of 139,310. Matthew S. Quay, for State Treasurer, received 78,261; Conrad B. Day, 64,100. Quay's plurality, 14,161. All the Republican candidates for county offices were elected, their pluralities being as follows: General Kinsley, for Register of Wills, 22,320; Frank F. Bell, for City Treasurer, 21,268; W. Ellwood Rowan, for Sheriff, 11,994. In the Fifth Ward David S. Mouat was elected to Common Council by a plurality of 482, and in the Ninth Ward Patrick G. Mason was elected by a majority of 338.

—President Cleveland returned to Washington on the 4th and expressed much gratification at the result of the election in New York. Immediately after reaching the White House he sent a telegram to Governor Hill "heartily congratulating" him upon his election. The President on the 5th received a large number of telegrams from prominent Democratic politicians in all parts of the country, but principally in New York, congratulating him on the result of the election in New York.

—The *Morning Sun*, which has been issued in Cincinnati for a month or two as a cheap paper, has been sold to a syndicate of capitalists, and will soon be issued as a Republican paper. It is said it will oppose civil service reform and will be opposed to the re-election of John Sherman as United States Senator.

—In the United States Court at Cincinnati, on the 4th, four suits for damages against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, growing out of the erection of their bridge and approaches over the Ohio river, at Bellaire, Ohio, were decided in favor of the railroad.

—Secretary Manning on the 4th visited Samuel J. Tilden, at Yonkers, New York, and spent about two hours and a half with Mr. Tilden, after which he resumed his trip to Washington.

—Captain W. P. McCann, U. S. N., was on the 4th appointed President of the Naval Advisory Board to succeed Rear Admiral Simpson. Captain McCann is also a member of the lighthouse Board.

—The President on the 4th appointed as Civil Service Commissioners Alfred P. Edgerton, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, in place of Dorman B. Eaton, resigned, and William L. Trenholm, of Charleston, South Carolina, in place of John M. Gregory, resigned.

—General Joseph J. Finegan, a distinguished ex-Confederate officer, who defeated General Seymour at Olustee in 1864, died in Orange county, Florida on the 4th. He was a native of Ireland and 71 years of age. Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Crown, ex-President of Hamilton College, died on the 4th in Utica, New York, aged 72 years. General James L. Donaldson, a soldier of the Mexican war and the war of the Rebellion, died on the 4th in Baltimore, in the 71st year of his age.

—Thirteen cars were wrecked by a collission on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad, near Talladigo, Alabama, on the 3d. One man was killed and three were badly injured.

—The monument to Andre, at Tappan New York, was blown up by dynamite about twenty minutes past 10 o'clock on the 3d. Both the bases were blown to pieces and the railing around the enclosure was demolished. The shock was sufficient to break glass in houses a mile distant and the glass globes in a hotel half a mile away. Several panes of glass in the West Shore Railroad depot were also smashed. The dynamiters are unknown.

—The returns from Illinois show that the new election law has been adopted, by a majority of from 13,000 to 14,000. Benjamin D. Magruder, the non-partisan candidate for the vacancy on the Supreme Bench, received nearly all the votes cast.

—In Colorado Elbert, Republican, for Supreme Court Judge, on whom the party lines were strictly drawn, is certainly elected by at least 3,000 majority. No definite returns have as yet been received from the interior counties.

—The Republican State ticket in Nebraska is elected by over 20,000 majority. The candidates elected are: Amasa Cobb (Supreme Judge); C. H. Geere and Leavitt Burnham (Regents of State University.) A late estimate on Dakota returns indicate that in the election Huron was chosen as the temporary capital of North Dakota.

—In Mississippi but one ticket was voted for—the Democratic status of the next New Jersey Legislature is as follows: Senate—Republicans, 13; Democrats, 8. Assembly—Republicans, 32; Democrats, 27; Independent Democrat, 1.

—Swope, Democrat, has been elected to Congress in the Nineteenth Pennsylvania District by 3630 plurality, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of William A. Duncan.

—A private dispatch received on the 5th in Portland, Oregon, said that Chinatown, situated near the lower depot and wharf of the Northern Pacific Railroad, at Tacoma, had been burned by a mob, and that the railroad tanks, trestles and other property had been destroyed.

—The President on the 5th reappointed Dorman B. Eaton to be a member of the Civil Service Commission. It is understood that Mr. Eaton will serve only for a short time. He takes the place of Mr. Thoman, who resigned on the 1st inst.

—A boiler explosion in the pork packing and proprietary medicine laboratory of W. M. Atkin & Co., at Evansville, Indiana, on the 5th, damaged the building and dangerously injured thirteen men.

—Ten inches of snow have fallen at Ellendale, Dakota, and the weather there is "extremely" cold.

—Patrick Curran, aged 81 years, and dying in the jail at Williamsport, Pa., where he is held for incendiarism, has made a confession to the effect that when a young man he murdered a man named Martin, near Howard, Centre county. Both were engaged in counterfeiting, and they had a quarrel. He admits other crimes committed in Ireland.

—The Hennepin Canal Commission met on the 5th in Chicago. At an informal session in the forenoon, delegates were present from Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and New York. It was decided to give the Commission the name of Lake Michigan and Mississippi River Canal Commisssion. The session was formally opened in the afternoon, Judge Murphy making a speech of welcome.

John E. Owens, who has been dangerously sick at his home near Baltimore, was well enough on the 4th to ride out.

—Bridget Morgan, whose name was connected with the serious illness of Professor White, of Duff's College, from the fact that she was a servant in the Deroy family when their little boy was poisoned, called on the coroner on the 5th. She said she had not been out of the city since she left Professor White's house, and gave her address so that she might be found at any time. "She was much excited because of the unpleasant notoriety given her in connection with the matter, although no direct charges had been made against her."

—Congressman Butterworth and Henry Wise Garnet, counsel for the Signal Service men recently tried by court martial at Fort Myer, called on the Secretary of War on the 6th, and submitted to him a joint complaint in writing of the conduct of the trials and the action of the court, asking that the matter be officially investigated.

—Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation designating the 26th inst. as a day of thanksgiving.

—General Carr, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor of New York, said on the 6th to a reporter of the Albany *Evening Journal* that it was his opinion that "the plurality on Lieutenant Governor will ultimately be found in the hundreds, not in the thousands." He added: "I am not yet sure that I have been defeated. Full returns show a steady decrease."

—Vice President Hendricks has telegraphed congratulations to Fitzhugh Lee on the latter's election as Governor of Virginia.

—The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the closing of the Mint at Carson, Nevada, its business having almost entirely fallen off.

—The Naval Advisory Board has prepared instructions to the Naval Inspectors at Roach's ship yard in regard to their duties in connection with the completion of the unfinished cruisers. These officers are to hold the same relations to the Bureaus of Steam Engineering and of Construction and Repair, under which the work is to go on, that they have hitherto held to the contractors.

—The President on the 6th appointed Robert B. Smith, of Montana, to be U. S. District Attorney for that Territory.

—The resignation of J. W. Meldrum as Surveyor General of Wyoming, has been accepted by the President.

—Secretaries Manning and Whitney have returned to Washington and resumed their official duties.

—The agent of the Leech Lake Chippewas reports to the Interior Bureau that those Indians are in comfortable circumstances and not threatened with starvation, as has been reported.

—John Knell, his wife and three children, were found at their home in Baltimore on the 6th insensible from escaping gas. Elizabeth, one of the daughters, aged 13 years, is dead, and the eldest daughter, Mary, is in a precarious condition. The rest are expected to recover.

—E. W. Haskett, ex-United States District Attorney for Alaska, was killed at Needles, California, on the 5th, by falling from a train. He was on his way home, having been removed from office.

THE NIGHT IS STILL.

The night is still, the moon looks kind,
The dew hangs jewels in the heath,
An ivy climbs across thy blind
And throws a light and misty wreath.

The dew hangs jewels in the heath,
Buds bloom for which the bee has pined;
I haste along, I quicker breathe,
The night is still, the moon looks kind.

Buds bloom for which the bee has pined,
The primrose slips its jealous sheath,
As up the flower-watched path I wind
And come thy window-ledge beneath.

The primrose slips its jealous sheath—
Then open wide that churlish blind
And kiss me through the ivy wreath!
The night is still, the moon looks kind.

A NEEDED CHANGE.

A horse and buggy stood at the front gate. The horse, though high-checked and fairly well groomed, had a certain heaviness of form and movement that indicated the drudge of every day, the roadster only for occasions. The harness was dulled by perhaps two years of age and brightened again by oil and polish. The buggy had a top—it was called a "carriage" by its owner—and seemed of equal date with the harness. It was high, narrow-seated, comfortless, without an element of beauty, but plentifully covered with varnish. On each side of the "coffin" box was a highly-colored design, which appeared at first glance to be a coat of arms, but which in reality, was only the bold emblazonment of the maker's name. From the gate ran a path to a spot a little in front of a neat farm house and there divided into two parts, one of which, broad but grass-grown, continued to the front entrance, while the other, narrow but deeply-worn, led under lilacs and straggling roses in bloom, to a porch in the rear. The side path was the one pursued by a young man who, by his dress and manner, was as evidently the proprietor of the equipage at the gate as the latter was evidently the property of one of the wealthier class of country lovers. Like all lovers, he wore tight-boots. His coat was a ready-made Prince Albert, too long in the sleeves and waist, too amply huge in the skirt. To give elegance to his attire he wore a pair of dogskin gloves, but the fingers were too long and their extremities had become crumpled and dejected. The young man's eyes were clear and bright, his head well formed, and he had an air as if he had made life a success. As for his age, one might have guessed that from the age of the harness and buggy. The son of a well-to do farmer has what he calls a "rig" for himself at 20. The "rig" was two years old; Mr. George Morris, 22.

The horse started off at a good trot. Mr. Morris sat squarely in the middle of the seat. He seemed happy and triumphant. Occasionally he gave a complacent glance at either of his broad shoulders and corrected their position by some rule evidently evolved from his position by some rule apparently evolved from his own knowledge. When he had adjusted each shoulder satisfactorily he leaned back and took a limited but pleased view of both at once. Occasionally, too, he critically examined a little, straggling pair of side-whiskers, or looked approvingly at his length of limb. Indeed, so well did he beguile the time that he was quite unconscious that the long drive was over when he arrived at his destination. Well knowing the way, the horses had turned off from the main road, and entering in a graceful but neglected drive, had drawn up in front of a rambling weather-beaten villa. There was no servant to take the horse—the time of footmen in that place had gone by—but the absence might have been considered well compensated for by the appearance of a little feminine world in muslin who, with an exclamation of delight, had tripped around from the side verandah.

"I knew you would come," she repeated, when Mr. Morris, after having slowly alighted and fastened the horse, had joined her.

"Yes; I thought I would come over. It's a nice afternoon, and I thought you might like a ride. Besides, I wanted to say good-bye."

"Of course I want to ride, but you must come around here first and let them congratulate you. Remember, I congratulate you first. You'll remember that?" she cried looking at her heavy companion, "and I said you'd get it when you first thought of it."

In this way George was conveyed to the side verandah where were the family of the house.

"So you are going to West Point?" said a weary-looking gentleman in loose black. "Very good place for an energetic young man," and more weary than ever, apparently, for having thought of such a thing as energy he resumed his reading.

"Do you think you will like it?" asked the mother, "you will be so long away," and she looked at Dora, the vision in muslin. "Tell us about the examination."

George would not understand any allusiong to Dora, and he had before determined to take his success in the competitive examination as a matter of course. George always laid down rules for himself in advance knowing that in following good authority he could never go astray. Accordingly, he cut description nonchalantly short. The mother looked distressed.

"Are you going to ride?" she asked Dora.

Geore arose and fumbled at his dogskin gloves, while Dora went for her hat and her mother sat thinking that at least when George returned from the academy he would have lost some of his gauchery.

Dora had run up for her hat, and now she ran down with her hat, and it was seen at once to be a very captivating young hat. It was one of those tremendously captivating hats that are made only for pretty girls, whom kind poverty shields from the unmeaning composition of milliners. And when this hat had been perfecty adjusted it took up its place in the buggy by the side of Mr. M.'s somewhat old-fashioned tile, and the two went swaying off together.

"Are you going to-morrow?" asked Dora,

"Yes, to-morrow," answered George, rather flatly.

"Couldn't you come over yesterday?"

"Why rather than to-day?"

"What?" said Dora, mystified.

"Why come yesterday instead of to-day?"

"I don't mean that; I mean both days of course."

Why "of coure?" Because, silly child, she believed herself in love with this egotistic, mathamatical Orson, with the terrible but pretentious coat and the ostentatious gloves.

And why had George not visited Dora on both days? Simply because he had decided not to. To be sure an anticipated engagement with Dora was something to be proud of when he was only one of a hundred neighboring farmer's sons, and she the daughter of "the country gentleman," but this dazzling appointment to the military academy had changed all that. Now, in imagination, George saw the world at his feet. He was going to be "an army officer—the ideal of the fair sex." George didn't consider that any radical change must be made in him; he took it for granted that by some mysterious but superficial alteration he would step from West Point a glorified combination of Chesterfield and La-place. Then—as he understood a "West Pointer" might easily do—he would marry a Madison avenue heiress. This is why he had decided not to visit Dora on both days.

"I suppose we will write," said he, keeping his broad face turned from the little lady; and the remark was rather cowardly, inasmuch as he had craftily determined to break off with her by stopping the correspondence.

"You will be my only correspondent" answered Dora. "I used to write to my old grandfather, but he doesn't like us now."

George had never before heard of any relative, and it was a matter of no interest anyway, still it was the last day and he could afford to be agreeable. "Ought to write to your grandfather," he said with what he thought a fine wit: "he might leave you a farm."

"Well, I think he might give papa some out of all he has," replied Dora, innocently.

George thought very poorly of any property this enraged grandfather might possess. He talked of the fields, the crops, and the cattle—his style of topic for airy nothings—and after a little, saying, in his clumsy way, that it was getting late, he drove her back, and, with much relief, bade her good-bye at the gate.

A few days, and Mr. George Morris, representing the "Ninth district," presented himself at the adjutant's office, West Point. He blushed, in giving his description, when asked his father's business. No doubt at that moment the father was thinking anxiously and proudly of him, but George choked when he answered "farmer." The adjutant rewarded him with a look of disgust for his snobbery, and sent him off under charge of a messenger. The latter conducted him to barracks, and left him at the open door of a lower hall room. George threw back his shoulders, put the dogskin gloves up to his side whiskers, for moral support, and glanced in. He saw a chipper looking young man in white trousers, gray coat, and a dark-blue cap. The young man, who had a very affable turn to his head, was seated with his back to the door and his feet on an old, yellow table.

"Are you in charge?" asked George at length.

"Yes, yes, sir," said the young man, hastily jumping up. "Yes, sir; I'm in charge while the general is out. Won't you come in?"

George made a grave bow and entered.

"Lay aside your valiese and sit down."

George did both. Then he crossed his legs and waited for the "general."

"Have a smoke?" said the chipper young man.

"No, sir."

"Game o' cards?"

"Sir?"

"Have a game of card

"I don't play cards."

"Have a drink?"

"I don't drink," said George repressively.

"Of water?" continued the polite young man.

"If you please."

"Hydrant's broke. Have a game of billiards?"

George was silent.

"I suppose you are the new secretary of war?" said the affable young man in a birdlike way. "I recognized you at once—Prince Albert coat and side-whiskers."

"I am a cadet."

"Why, that's puzzling, Prince Albert coat and side-whiskers; that's the description in the papers. Side-whiskers and Prince Albert coat. Confusing. You have side-whiskers, have you not?"

"Yes," blurted George, startled.

At the end of half an hour the Ninth district prodigy found his dream of electrifying West Point rudely dissipated.

"Without exaggeration," said the affable and chipper young man, turned severe, and wishing to give George some honest help, "my friend you are the worst-looking youth that ever entered this institution. Those shoulders that you throw back so proudly are also the worst shoulders that I ever saw; they are out of plumb, out of shape, smaller around than your waist. It was easy to see by the way you trod up the area—I was at the window, and witnessed your royal progress—that you expected to overwhelm us. But be less imposing. Go to Room No. 12 and stay there. Don't write the anticipated letter home saying that you have been made a cadet officer for your physique or an assistant professor for your learning. Say that we've got you in a backyard trying to straighten you out, and that John, the janitor, is teaching you arithmetic."

So ended George's long-looked for first day at West Point. But he recovered with the elasticity of conceit from this first shock, and laid his plans for the future. He selected a rich New York boy of his class for a room-mate, and waited for time to pass on. His letters to Dora, though long and frequent at first when he needed sympathy, grew shorter and shorter, and fell away altogether as he had intended they should. Dora wrote once in her letters to know if her last letter had miscarried, and there was silence on both sides. After perhaps a year he learned with some astonishment that Dora's grandfather had left her a fortune, and that she with her parents had gone to another state.

When we see George again his four years at the academy were drawing to a close. The mysterious changes that were to convert him into an "officer and a gentleman," he considered, had been wrought. He wondered how he could been so awkward and ill-mannered as he remembered himself. He thought with disgust of the big coat and ugly gloves. But perhaps he was even less a gentleman than ever, for when his father and mother had written that he and "mother" were coming to see him graduate he had written them not to. He said, "You musn't go to such an expense." In reality he was ashamed of them.

In the season of gayety at West Point George had not been idle. For the same reason that he had once asprired to Dora, he now aspired to Miss Lyman, the sister of his roommate, and he shuddered when he thought of her seeing his father and mother. He had known her one summer at West Point, had been recommended as a good solid fellow by her brother, had been denied the pleasure of a winter's correspondence, but, to atone, had now the promise of dancing with her at his graduation german. He thought over a form of an elegant proposal with good hope.

Young Lyman, rich, handsome, genial—he expected a partner, too; a partner who was also rich and handsome, who lived next door to him at home, with whom he fell desperately in love on "furlough," and to whom he was to be married a few days after graduation.

The day before the ball Miss Lyman and George were walking in front of the library. He was twirling her parasol, trying to make himself entertaining, wondering if he would ever have courage to say the words he had planned, and thinking, with a cuning smile, what a change there would be in his companion if she knew the sordidness of his early life. While they were walking an old gentleman and lady detached themselves from a group that had just alighted from the stage and came over to the flagging. They were looking curiously about them.

"Wonder where he is now?" said the old gentleman. "But we'll soon find him. Surprise him, too—eh? He'll think we won't mind expense when we went to come and look at our "West Pointer."

"Bless his heart!" said the old lady, quite overcome with the near prospect of meeting.

"Bless his heart, of course, for here he comes, with a girl dressed like a picture. Don't say a word—I'll surprise him," and the old man with his badly-cut clothes, his nervous, gnarled hands, but with a happy beam upon his face, planted himself in the middle of the walk.

George looked up as the old man's head was turned, started, stopped, turned about, and with his companion, walked quickly away, concealing himself behind the parasol.

"Come here!" cried the old gentleman hilariously, and running after George; "guess you haven't any eyes for fathers this afternoon."

"I'll come back," said George, with a boiling-red face "You sit here—I'll be back, of course."

"No intrusion, I hope," said the old man, but with a little pride in the phrase; "no intrusion, I hope, young lady. You go on, George; mother and I'll wait."

"Guess 'twas company," he said slyly, when he returned to his wife. The old lady's face was working nervously. She couldn't help it—the tears started from her eyes. She looked at the dress she had made in George's honor, at the gloves—her concession to fashion—at a little satchel in which was money she had been saving ever since George went to West Point to buy his sword and uniform; she looked at the puzzled old father, who had been anticipating this visit so long; and so—she couldn't help it—the tears did come.

"Come father," she said at last; "this isn't the place for us. He isn't a little boy now. O, if we had only kept him with us. Let us go away and not make him ashamed."

"Ashamed!" said the old fellow with a touch of pride. "No; now we're here we'll stay—not be put out by our own son. We can enjoy a trip, you old simpleton, I guess, same as thirty years ago, before the great George was thought of."

George and Miss Lyman walked on in an embarrassed silence. At last the lady's indignation prevailed over her amazement.

"I think, Mr. Morris," she said, haughtily, extending her hand for the parasol, "that I can find the rest of my way to the hotel. I will not detain you."

George gave her the parasol and turned back. His father and mother were gone from the library, and he walked towards the barracks. On the way he met his roommate. "My partner has come," said Lyman; "she is prettier than ever. Tell me, where is my sister?" George told him, and continued to his room, knowing that he would soon have a message. Presently it came, and Lyman delivered it very curtly. "Miss Lyman wishes to excuse herself from being Mr. Morris' partner at the German." George made no answer, and his roommate went out and left him.

Then George saw that the world was against him. He cursed the fate that had made him poor; he cursed the Lymans for looking down on him. He turned for comfort to people who had been kind to him. He thought of Dora, and for the first time felt a sort of pity for her that she had been treated as he considered Miss Lyman had treated him. "Confound it," he said, beginning to compare her with other ladies he had seen, "she is as fine a lady as any of them. I will find out where she is and go and make it up." As he sat there into the twilight he found himself going backward from the age when he knew Dora to the time when he was a little boy, knowing no high nor low except by his mother's simple rule that "handsome is that handsome does." It gave him a pang to remember the time when he had thought his father and mother the greatest people in the world. He thought of how proud his father had always been of him, and now he recognized how little there had been to be proud of. He remembered how his mother had stood waiting for him today; he remembered her dress and everything, and there flashed upon his mind a picture of her as she must have been at home carefully planning that simple dress and patiently working on it with her own hands for many days to make it worthy of him.

Two big tears jumped into his eyes; he made a desperate swallow and seized his cap and started for the hotel on a run.

Fathers and mothers are easily won back; half an hour—in less time—the three were walking together toward the famous ball room. "We won't go in, George," said the old lady tremblingly—he had wanted her to go in, that was enough—and she cried again and said to herself that George was the biggest and the best of them all.

But they did go in, and here was George just ordering people around and getting his mother a seat, and when that was done he pointed out the classmates that he had written about and the professors who had taught him. And the mother looked on at the magic scene and wondered how George could be familiar with such splendor. In the midst of all she exclaimed: "Why, there's Dora!

"Dora!" cried George, thunderstruck. "Dora! Where?"

Then he saw her waltzing like a fairy with some one who had chosen her for the figure. Just the same as in the old days, only, only more maturely beautiful—golden-hair, cherry-lips, peach-bloom cheeks—only more beautiful than ever. Her dress was a soft glimmering white watered satin, and as she stood for a moment under the gas jets, timid pearls threw little swinging shadows on her cheeks.

George watched her as a kind father might have done and gave her a tender good wish for every step of her flying feet. "Peace be in her true and gentle heart? He watched her through the figure and while she was going to her seat, and it made his own heart so full that there was no place in it for surprise when he saw that her seat was with Lyman. So Dora was Lyman's beautiful partner of the evening, who was to be his partner in the mazy german of life.

After the hop George met young Lyman in their room. "You have been finding me out, Lyman, but the same discovery has taken me all my life. If we ever meet again perhaps I shall be a different man.

They did meet again. It was in New York at the marriage of Miss Gertrude Lyman and Lieut, George Morris.

So it was that the last day at West Point he took his first step on the road to being a gentleman. So it was that the last day he underwent the mysterious change that changes not only the cut of Prince Albert coats but something else as well.

Approaching Venice.

Venice is not a great railroad centre. I think there is but one iron road leading there. The train stops at a little wayside station that reminded me of the wild, uncivilized stations of western America. It is hard to believe that you are within a couple miles of Venice. Here there is a dreary wait while the Italians, with the calm, unruffled methodicalness of a people with several thousand years of leisure behind them and the same length of time ahead, collect the tickets.

A railroad ticket is a continual surprise to an Italian railroad official. It has always a pleasing novelty for him. He reads both sides with care and interest. He never punches it. His respect for it is too great. Occasionally you have to stop off at big stations and take in the ticket to the chief official, who regards it affectionately, stamps it with care and sometimes writes his autograph on it. A person traveling through Italy thus collects all the autographs of the principal men on the road. When the tickets are collected the train moves slowly on and comes to an apparently interminable embankment with the shallow reedy salt water on each side.

Away to the left appears Venice. The sight is most disappointing. It reminds me of the classic regions of Saginaw or Bay City, the New Jersey marshes or the low land below London. To the right are seen gondolas seemingly waterlogged, being propelled toward the city. I thought that some unwise gondoliers had rashly ventured away from the canals and had got their boots filled. The fact was that these were the water works of Venice. They go out to where a river tumbles over a dam, and shove their boats under the waterfall. Then they work their way back and empty the water in the locked wells of Venice—land-locked and padlocked. After the run of a mile or so the train enters the dark station. A person feels sold and oppressed. The place is as romantic as a Chicago freight shed. One feels like taking the next train back. He is ready and willing to write down the famous Queen of the Sea as a swindle.

The Wild Dogs of Wyoming.

Two years ago two domestic dogs strayed into the mountains on the head of Wind River and became wild. They have now increased to some twenty in number, and have developed a fierce spirit. They have located on an immense cliff, and from here they issue on their excursions, which are very disastrous to the young stock of the ranges, the dogs killing and devouring the strongest and most active calves and easily pulling down a yearling. A few days ago as one of the employes of one of the large cattle ranches was hauling hay his route took him by the "Cliff of the Dogs." As he passed the dens the savage inhabitants swarmed out in full force and made a most determined onslaught on him and the team. It took a wild race of three or four miles to shake them off. On sizing up his injuries the ranchman found himself pretty badly bitten about the face, arms and hands, while the horses had suffered on the chest throat and hams.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home.

FASHION NOTES.

—Jet fringes are shown in more elaborate designs than ever before.

—It is a mistake that black has gone by—it never will go out of fashion.

—The peasant skirt still continues in favor for simple toilets, house dresses and for young girls.

—Pointed bodices are the rule for evening dresses.

—Yokes and wide collars are coming in again for day wear.

—Trains are to be once more *en regle* for all full-dress costumes.

—Steel springs are now run in the foundation skirts of all costumes made by fashionable dressmakers.

—The large long mantles are properly reserved for carriage wear. They are much too heavy to walk in with any comfort.

—Colored dresses will try to outshine the white costumes worn so much last season and which are so universally becoming.

—A new stuff just brought out is crocodile cloth, a rough woolen fabric with an interwoven design resembling a crocodile's skin.

—A novelty in bustles is of braided wire, which is so tempered by a peculiar process as to resist the pressure of one hundred pounds.

—Some of the silk cords much used on outside garments is very expensive and comes as high as $5 per yard.

—Greek key patterns and graceful arabesques are in the open passementeries that are made of rosary beads set on velvet or plush.

—Chenille is very much used in marabout and deep fringes, and the "mouse-tail," in very fine strands, each tipped with a bead of wood, jet, gold or acorn, is very popular.

—Basques have the same cut as formerly. They may be single or double-breasted, may have one or two points, or may be quite long and buttoned all the way down. The sides are medium short—a few are shown very short on the hips—and the back is either square or pointed, pleated or puffed. A few are finished with wide, flat, ribbon loops. Collars are high and round. The officer's collar is very high, and is stiffened with buckram, which serves to keep the chin high.

—The dolman is the favorite for dressy winter wraps. Long cloaks are used for cumfort. Short jackets are shown for ordinary wear for young ladies. The dolman is almost unchanged in shape, those longer in the front being more popular than any other cut. These garments appear in a variety of material and innumerable shades. The front and large sleeves of many are of brocaded plush, while the back is plain plush or cloth. In short, make your dolman according to your cloth and taste and it will be fashionable. Fringes in irridescent and jet beads and furs of various varieties are used in finishing.

—Wool costumes are more popular than those of almost any fabric for street wear. The imported suits are of two distinct styles. The French importations show a combination of two fabrics the overdresses being made in almost every case of wool. The smooth Amazon cloth for basque, drapery, and jacket, with the skirts and trimmings of the basque of plush or of wool with rough stripes of Astrakan, make the prettiest suits.

—The French costumes are marked by long front and back draperies. The sides are drawn up very high so as to show the skirt material from the waist to the foot. Rich cords are used to lace the two draperies over the hips. Passementerie ornaments in jet and variegated beads are used for the same purpose. The apron is laid in flat kilt pleats pressed into shape, or is festooned according to taste. The back draperies of many French costumes are without loopings, falling in folds to the bottom of the skirt. The high bouffant effect is still very popular with slender ladies. A long, wide sash, made of the dress material when not too heavy, is added to many costumes when the back drapery is in straight folds.

—The English homespun cloth has already become very popular. These cloths are shown in all dark, solid colors, in small checks and stripes. The material is heavy and will give serviceable wear, although in most cases its beauty is lacking. The frieze or boucle stripes are most effective for skirts. Some have a wide border and others graduated stripes, while friezes with large stripes of velvet, Astrakan or plush are in great demand. Suits of homespun have in some instances a Norfolk jacket, with belt and hood, for an outside wrap. The belt, collar, cuffs and hood of the jacket may be of the same or of some contrasting shade. The more expensive costumes have the jacket trimmed with seal or alligator skin.

—Small, neat bonnets are preferred by most ladies. These are in all the old shapes; the only really new one is the capote, made over a frame which comes in two pieces and is joined down the back. The pieces of the frame are covered with plush and ribbon of the same, or a contrasting shade is laid in pleats around the edges. The two pieces are then joined, the stitches being hidden in the folds of ribbon. Pleated ribbon is extended around the back and forms the strings. High, full bows are seen on all bonnets. Strings appear on all imported goods. They are a little longer than last season, but many ladies prefer the neat throat bows. Embroidered crowns come in great variety. An effective one is formed of large rosary beads interwoven with chenille. These are used with cloth costumes. The English turban will be very fashionable for street wear. A pretty and graceful hat is the "Evelyn," with a narrow, round brim and high sloping crown. An elegant hat of the "Retta" shape has its high, square crown covered with ivory white plush. The brim is black and three nodding black plumes are its only ornament. The whole is odd, and as oddity is sought after in some cases more than beauty, this style will undoubtedly prove very popular.

HORSE NOTES.

—Kirkman is reported to have recovered from his lameness.

—Toledo Girl (2.15) has been sold to Eastern parties for $5000, so it is said.

—The Washington Park entries for 1886 numbered 530, against 445 this year.

—Archer is said to have been paid $1500 for riding Paradox in the Champion stakes.

—The Coney Island Jockey Club has chosen June 10th as the opening of its 1886 race meeting.

—Josh Evans sold last week his fast mare Lizzie R. to Mr. Henshel, of Baltimore, for $2500.

—King Midas trotted two miles in 5.02, last mile in 2.27, at the Brooklyn Driving Park last week.

—Miss Woodford has arrived at the Runnymede Stud, Paris, Ky., where she will be bred to Hindoo.

—Island Park claims June 15 to 18 for the spring meeting, and August 25 to 29 for the grand circuit.

—Robert Steel has brought from Kentucky a colt by Calaynos, dam by Onward, a full sister to Wedgewood, 2.19¼.

—Nathan Strauss, of New York, owns a 5-year-old grandaughter to Flora Temple. She trotted a half-mile in 1.16¾ recently.

—William M. Deitz, worked the old white gelding Hopeful a mile in harness in 2.34, at New York this week, making the first half in 1.14.

—The brood mares and yearlings purchased by J. B. Haggin in Kentucky, fifty-three head in all, have arrived safely at California.

—The New Orleans winter race meeting will open in December. Application for stabling room for 124 horses has already been sent in.

—Bots caused the death of the 4-year-old stallion Shelby Chief, Jr., by Shelby Chief, at the Stock Farm of his owner, F. San Roman, near Matamoras, Mexico, recently.

—W. E. Reis, of Newcastle, Pa., has sold to C. F. McCurdy, of Youngstown, O., the 5-year-old bay gelding Tanzy, by Kentucky Clay, Jr., dam by Wild Bashaw. Price, $425.

—D. R. Baird, of Johnstown, Pa., has purchased of Mr. E. B. Henderson, of Brookville, Pa., the 3-year-old bay filly Rowena, by Keystone (by Woods' Hambletonian), dam Mollie, by Red Bank.

—"Brown Dick," the very successful trainer this season for Milton Young, has engaged to train W. S. Barnes' Melbourne stable next year.

—The trotting broodmare Annie Ware, by Almont, dam Ellen, by Ericsson, the property of H. L. Dousman, Artesian Stock Farm, Prairie du Chien, Wis., died on October 6 after giving birth to a filly foal by Lumps. The foal took kindly to the bottle, and may possibly be saved. Mr. Dousman valued Annie Ware at $2,000.

—The death is announced of Bryant Hurst, a well-known Kentucky trotting horseman. He never recovered from his injuries received by being thrown from a horse last spring. He was about 40 years old.

—The death of J. C. McFerran, proprietor of the Glenview Stock Farm, about six miles east of Louisville, Ky., removes one of Kentucky's most noted horsemen. Mr. McFerran was the youngest of ten children.

—A. J. Cassatt is likely to import a son of Hermit. He has long indulged a desire for one. While he was in Europe, last season, he priced Tristan, but his owner put him at rather a high figure for an untried horse. Mr. Cassatt dwells upon the soundness of Tristan's legs, which, considering the amount of work the horse has done, are marvels. Mr. Cassatt has a strong fancy for Hermitage, son of Hermit and Doll Tearsheet, by Bormielaw (son of old Queen Mary). He is a baby colt, 4 years old, in the stable of Mr. C. J. Lefevre.

—The Newmarket, Houghton, England, Meeting, opened 26 October. Race for the Criterion Stakes for two-year-olds was won by the Duke of Westminster's bay colt Ormonde, with Mr. Manton's bay colt Oberon second, and Prince Saltykoff's chestnut colt Mephisto third. Six horses started. The betting was 6 to 4 on Ormonde, 6 to 1 against Oberon, and 5 to 1 against Mephisto.

—October 27th was the first day of the Second Autumn Meeting of the American Jocky Club at Jerome Park. The first race was for all ages, purse $500, non-winners' allowance six furlongs. It was won by Jim Douglass, with Weasel second and Florence E. third. Time 1.19.

Second Race.—Handicap sweepstakes of $35 each, with $750 added, $150 to second horse; one mile. Fosteral won, Greenfield second, Bella third.

—The races on October 29th were run in a steady down-pour of rain at Jerome Park. An unfortunate accident occured in the first race. After the start the thirteen horses engaged in the contest ran to the turn around the club house, when Maggie J., with young Potter on, slipped and fell. Brookwood, with Meaton on, fell over him, the latter horse breaking his neck and dying instantly. Sam Brown, ridden by Arnold, next went over, and Withers' colt Stonebuck topped the heap with Kenny as his jocky. There was great confusion for a few moments, till horses and riders were extricated. Then it was found that Potter had had his jaw broken in two places and is not likely to recover. First race, ⅞ mile; thirteen horses started, Florence E. won by one-half a length, Richmond second, Choctaw third. Time, 1.18¾. Second race, ⅞ mile, Bordelaise won, Anarchy second, Binnacle third. Time, 1.18¾. Third race, 1⅛ mile, Wallflower won, Greenfield second, Farewell third. Time, 2.01. Fourth race, 1 mile; nine started. Error won, Tony Foster second, Mary Hamilton third. Time, 1.48¾. Fifth race, 1 mile and 3 furlongs over six hurdles, Sandoval won, Bally second, Quebec third. Time, 2.42.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 18 1885.

SETH KINMA'NS KINDNESS.

He will Present Mr. Cleveland with a Rare Seat.

Seth Kinman is the most noted hunter on the Pacific Slope. His home is at Table Bluff, Humboit county, Cal., but the greafer portion of his time is spent in the wilds of that great State. Seth celebrated his seventieth birthday on the 6th of last month. He was born in Union co., this State. His early manhood was spent in Illinois. In 1848 he crossed the plains to Oregan, where he remained two or three years. He returned to Illinois, but in 1849 again crossed the plains and settled in California, where he has made his home ever since. His fame as a daring hunter and trapper is broader than his State. He has killed the largest grizzly ever known in the Rockeys. Fortune has smiled upon him and he lives a life of luxuriors ease. He has just completed a chair which he proposes to present in person to President Cleveland. In a letter to a business firm in Pittsburgh, from whom he purchases stores, he describes the chair as be ng one of the finest he has ever made, although he has completed and presented four Presidential chairs. All his chairs have been fashioned from sections of wild animals. The first he presented to President Buchanan on May 23, 1857. The second he gave to President Lincoln on November 29, 1864. The third he presented to President Johnson on September 8, 1865 and the fourth he delivered to R. B Hays on September 17, 1876. He accompanies each gift in person, and the number of chairs presented denotes the number of his visits to his native state.

The chair now ready for President Cleveland and which will be delivered soon, is formed entirely from elks captured by himself, save a band of steel and some cord. The horns of six elks were used, Four horns were used for the legs; at the end of each is attached the cloven hoofs of the animal. The seat is constructed by stretching an elk hide with the hair up over the steel band. The hide is secured in its place by strong cords underneath, which cross each other at right angles, and the whole forms an easy, comfortable seat. An elk horn on either side forms the arms. The horn tips, which branch out from the chair most aggressively, represent the thirty-eight States and ten Territories in the Union. It is highly polished and is fit to decorate a throne.

Curious to think that desks and chairs kill people, but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney trouble follow in their train, and death ends the chapter. You whose lives are passed over desk and counter and in the confined air of offices ought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" always at hand for stomach and brain. nov

TERRIBLE DISASTER TO THE STEAMER ALGOMA.

Only Fifteen Out of One Hundred and Twenty Survive.

Detroit, Mich. Nov. 11.—An Owen Sound, Ontario, dispatch says: as far as can be learned the passenger list and crew of the Algoma comprised over 120 persons. The Canadian Pacific officials are very reluctant to disclose the facts It is, however, believed that a large number of passengers were taken on at Sault Ste. Marie. General Manager Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific, will say nothing definite as to the number lost, while other officials freely state that fully one hundred have gone down with the vessel. The latest list of the saved makes the total 15.

The screams of the women and children were heard above the fury of the storm. The crew hurried hither and thither, doing what they could in the darkness to render assistance; but their efforts were of little avail, for in less than twenty minutes after the vessel struck, the entire forward portion of the boat was carried away, together with the cargo and human freight. Several clung to the rigging and life line the Captain had stretched along the boat, but were soon swept away by the sea and swallowed up by the angry waves.

The stern of the boat was steadily pushed up on the rock, and those who were not too much exhausted by fatigue and benumbed by the cold crept to the after steerage and sought its welcome shelter. Less than an hour after striking all was over. The survivors remained from the time of the disaster—4 o'clock Saturday morning—until Monday morning at 10 o'clock, exposed to the inclement weather with but little food and clothing.

They were at this time sighted by some fishermen, who came to their rescue. After taking the shipwrecked people from their position and placing them on the Isle Royale, where a fire was kindled for their comfort, the fishermen went out and intercepted the Athabasca, which was coming in about ten miles away. Captain Foote, of that vessel, immediately put about and took the sufferers on board, and they were brought here. The bodies of Frost and Emerson were also brought in.

There must be an open road between the food we eat and the substance of which our bodies are composed. If the road is clogged or closed we sicken, faint and die. This road is made up of the organs of digestion and assimilation. Of these the stomach and liver are chief. Most people have had more or less experience of the horrors of constipation. Prevent it and all its fearful sequences by using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy." It is the first step that costs. nov

Farmers in Tioga County are so disheartened at the rotting of the potatoes that they will not dig them, claiming that it will not pay. The early crop was good, but the excessive rains of the fall acted injuriously on the late planted potatoes on all low lands.

SCOTT'S COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, FOR WASHING CHILDREN.

Dr. S. W. Cohen, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile washing with good results. It not only restores wasted tissue, but gives strength, and I heartily recommend it for diseases attended by atrophy." nov

DRINKABLE SEA-WATER.

A simple plan of making sea-water palatable would be a great boon to mariners cast away in boats or rafts, and also to our naval forces. Mr. Thomas Kay has recently shown that the baneful effects of sea-water as a drink are chiefly due to the presence of chlorine, which is combined with sodium and magnesium. It produces thirst and scurvy, when taken in excess. In order to remove the chlorine, he mixes sea-water with a certain proportion with citric acid, or silver citrate, and thus produces what may be called a mild mineral water, which is drinkable, and, being nearly free from precipitated chlorine, is not injurious to health when taken in moderate quantities. At a recent meeting in Manchester, England, he treated a pint of water brought from beyond the Eddystone with 960 grains of citrate of silver, and four grains of free citric acid. Silver chloride was precipitated and the overlying liquid decanted and filtered. Each fluid ounce of it contained about eighteen grains of citrate of soda, one-and-a-half grains of citrate of magnesia, half a grain of citrate of potash, one grain of sulphate of magnesia, half a grain of sulphate of lime, one-fifth grain of citric acid, and less than half a grain of undecomposed chlorides. The salts of soda in this liquid are diuretic, the salts of magnesia aperient, hence it posesses medicinal properties. It could be safely used to moisten the tongue and throat, and drunk in small quantities. The citrate of silver employed to treat the water should be kept in a stoppered bottle, covered with india rubber, so as to exclude light, air, and organic matter, as it is easily decomposed. As an ounce of citrate silver converts half a pint of sea-water, a man may keep alive for a day upon it. Seven ounces will, it is therefore inferred, keep him alive for a week, and it has been proposed to stow bottles of the salt under the thwarts of life-boats, and in the lockers of certain life-buoys, which carry restoratives.

Science asserts that experiments indicate the possibility of obtaining an echo from an iceberg when in a dangerous proximity to a ship. It is believed that even an object offering so small a surface as a floating wreck may in this way be detected during a fog in time to prevent a collision. Experiments recently made have demonstrated the feasibility of producing well-marked echoes from sailing vessels and from steamboats considerable distances away. The apparatus employed consisted of a musket, to the muzzle of which a speaking trumpet had been attached. This gun was aimed at passing vessels, while blank-cartridges were fired. After a longer or shorter time, according to the distance of the vessel, an echo was returned.

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JURY LIST.

The following traverse jurors have been drawn for the third Monday of November:

Traverse Jurors—Third Monday.

Jas. Johnson, Philipsburg.
R T Comely, Union.
James A Teller, Potter.
H J Crouse, Gregg.
George W Kelley, Worth.
John Bilger, Spring.
Pat Kelley, Snow Shoe.
R M Musser, Philipsburg.
Reuben Kreamer, Miles.
George Ishler, Potter.
Jacob Yarnell, Boggs.
Samuel Wise, Gregg.
Oliver Brickley, Howard.
J W Snook, Millheim.
Robert Vonada, Haines.
Valentine Reese, Union.
J B Ard, Ferguson.
J C Harper, Bellefonte.
Alois Kohlbecker, Boggs.
D M Kinkaid, Rush.
David Wyland, Milesburg.
Fred Gray, Gregg.
S T Harshberger, Spring.
Joel Tressler, Spring.
Reuben Gramley, Miles.
C A Mallroy, Miles.
George Kauffman, Spring.
John Nuttell, Philipsburg.
J W Smith, Unionville.
E W Gardner, Liberty.
Edward Yeager, Halfmoon.
Daniel Bartges, Gregg.
Wm. Hipple, Burnside.
E A Nolan, Snow Shoe.
Wm. E. Shultz, Boggs.
Charles Wolf, Haines.

Grand Jurors—Fourth Monday.

Jacob Cook, Howard.
G M Boal, Potter.
Daniel Long, Gregg.
John W Moore, Bellefonte.
Rush Larimer, do
Dr. G M Swartz, do
John Carper, Potter.
John R Herd, Philipsburg.
Michael F Feidler, Haines.
J D Eckley, Snow Shoe.
Robert Ellenberger, Ferguson.
Michael Kerstetter, Spring.
Horace Winkleman, Walker.
Reuben Grimm, Miles.
John Shafer, Walker.
J A Keller, Potter.
Adam Hartswick, Harris.
Jeremiah Winklebiech, Haines.
Simon P Neihart, Boggs.
James Passmore, Philipsburg.
Samuel Bennett, Worth.
B G Shafer, Walker.
John G Hall, Union.
D D Boyer, Miles.

Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday.

George A Boak, Burnside.
John L Groft, Boggs.
W R Hopkins, Howard.
Thomas Flemming, Snow Shoe.
Thomas W Thompson, Philipsburg.
S S Miller, Worth.
George Adams, Gregg.
Charley Jones, Curtin.
Robert Shirk, Milesburg.
Henry Noll, Walker.
Jonn Noll, Bellefonte.
James P Frank, Miles.
Alvin Stump, Potter.
Ellis Hancock, Boggs.
Frank Nelson, Philipsburg.
Wm. Clark, Bellefonte.
O M Sheets, Snow Shoe.
Frank Brown, Liberty.
C A Faulkner, Philipsburg.
Wm. Shunk, Boggs.
M D Snyder, College.
George Sanford, Philipsburg.
Nathan Pletcher, Howard twp.
J H Hahn, Milesburg.
D J Keller, Rush.
Aaron Elliott, Huston.
George Merriman, Taylor.
Daniel Grove, College.
L E Rodgers, Walker.
Homer Sakey, Philipsburg.
C B Hess, Ferguson.
W F Holt, Snow Shoe.
I S Frain, Marion.
John D Decker, Potter.
Isaac Smith, Gregg.
Benjamin Walker, Snow Shoe.
C T Cheesman, do do
Jacob Smith, Howard twp.
Jacob Dunkle, Haines.
John Roush, Spring.
Emanuel Harter, Miles.
B F Hahn, Philipsburg.
Wm Stover, Union.
James Durst, Potter.
Frank Flegal, Philipsburg.
W P Holter, Howard.
Samuel Hall, Jr., Halfmoon.
Samuel Weaver, College.

Traverse Jurors—Fifth Monday.

John Wetzell, Spring.
James Barto, Ferguson.
John Royer, Walker.
Jacob Webber, Harris.
Irwin Wise, Walker.
James P Lingle, Liberty.
Conrad Lesh, Walker.
John Shenk, Liberty.
Charles Bolipue, Liberty.
Jonathan Musser, Ferguson.
Henry McClellan, Bellefonte.
Austin Hoover, Union.
J C Bechtol, Liberty.
Adrew M McClintic, Marion.
Wm. H Kuhn, Harris.
C F Montgomery, Bellefonte.
W C Miller, do
Augustus M Hoover, do
John F Harter, Millheim.
James Steel, Benner.
Geo. Bower, Haines.
John H Miller, Ferguson.
Jacob Delong, Liberty.
George Dale, College.
Wm. P Shoop, Potter.
Robert Crosswhite, Spring.
Wm. Lewis, Worth.
Isaac Williams, Liberty.
Martin Funk, Worth.
J W Carlin, Miles.
Wm. Boal, Potter.
Miller Stewart, Burnside.
Alfred C Calhoun, Rush.
George Hubler, Miles.
Jonas Stein, Patton.
Robert Reed, Patton.

TRIAL LIST.

First Week.

Smith, Seltzer & Co. vs H S Sayre.
Emanuel Harter vs John Moyer.
John Hoy vs Adam Baum.
Bird Coal & Iron Co. vs B and S S R R Co.
David Durst vs Adam Krumrine.
Christian Freese vs Samuel Greninger.
Henry Felmlee vs John Hoy.
J Tome vs Jos. W Myers.
Charles Hewit vs P B Crider.
L H Everts vs Benjamin Rich.
L H Everts vs Dr. S L Dartt.
Geo. L Reed vs Morrison et al.
George Flack vs Jas L Sommerville.
L H Evert vs A J Greist.
Mary A Barcroft vs Jacob McCool.
D H Hastings vs Magee & Blanchard.
W J Kealsh vs Robert L Shirk.
Commonwealth vs Joseph L Neff.
C M Houser vs Harvey Benner.
J G L Myers vs E R Jones.
Matthew Adams vs Overseer of Worth twp.
Jonathan Hess vs J R Smith et al.
J H Sands vs Lemuel Shipman.
W H Mann vs W H Confer et al.
John T Fowler vs James Cross.
R D Ross vs J S Krape.
D H Landis vs R G Brett.
Alvina E Wagner vs J W Cooke.
John Ramsdale vs Hoover, Hughes & Co.
E P McCormick vs Jacob Rhonfeldt.
J M DeHaas vs Joe Tressler.
John Rishel vs Vandyke & Wilson.

Second Week.

George Myers vs J C Motz and J W Snook.
Humphreys & Martin vs Wm Parker.
John McDowel vs Geo B Boak.
Jas C Boal, Adm'r, vs Daniel Horner.
N and G Tailor & Co vs H K Hicks.
Geo N Hollabaugh vs H G Elder.
N H Wilkinson vs J B Hicks.
Samuel Stines, Adm'r, vs Mitchell Leathers.

Third Week.

D H Stover vs Jas W Rowen.
Ephriam Hershey et al vs O L Schoonover et al.
Caleb M Sellers vs B and B and B R R R Co.
Adam Grenoble vs same.
John Garbrick et al vs same.
Daniel Harman vs Centre and K. Turnpike Co.
Sarah Stevenson vs B and B R R R Co.
Jacob Behrers vs same.
N H Humes vs same.
Geo B Stevenson vs same.
D M Osborne & Co vs O Perry Gentzel et al.
Frank Flanigan et al vs Rush twp.
Moshannon Banking Co vs Lee, Ramey & Co.
Matthew R Adams vs Valentine & Co.
J H Neidigh use of vs Benjamin Cori.
Potter Moyer vs Margaret Markey.
Henry Grove vs Richard McCord et al.
Centre County vs Overseer Poor, Philipsburg bor.
Fred Kurtz vs John Spangler.
McClain & Cook vs Samuel Blackford et al.
Jane Nofsker vs L & T R R Co.
G B Hotchkin vs Philipsburg Boro.
Fitzpatrick et al vs Frank McLaughlin.
John Hahn vs Moore & Wolf.
Lawrence Cooney vs Henry Gares.
F X Lehman vs P J Fagan et al.
A E Price vs T J Dunkle.
D S Ewing vs Jacob Eisenhuth, garnishee.
B F Leathers & Son vs Lebanon Mut. Ins. Co.

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7oct6t G. W. GINGERICH, Executor, Centre Hall.

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HELP for the working people. Send 10 cts. postage and we will mail you free, a royal valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes of all ages, grandly successful 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED. A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our New Fruits and Specialties! together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. GOOD LIVE ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference, Hoopes, Brother & Thomas, West Chester, Penn'a.

I WANT AGENTS TO SELL THE MISSOURI STEAM Washer

Men and Women of good character and intelligence. Exclusive territory guaranteed. A free trial of sample Washer to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. A thousand per cent. the best Washer in the world, and pays capable agents BIG money. Intrinsic merit makes it a phenomenal success everywhere. For illustrated circular and terms address, J. WORTHINGTON, Boonville, Mo.

FEARFULLY COMMON.

Kidney Complaints Among Both Sexes and all Ages—A Brilliant Recovery.

There is something startling about the rapid increase of kidney diseases among the American people within the past few years. Many causes peculiar to certain classes tend to produce these troubles—as, for example, careless living, overwork and exposure. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is often congratulated on the exceptional success of his medicine called "Favorite Remedy" in arresting and radically curing these most painful and dangerous disorders. Proofs of this like the following are constantly brought to his attention, and are published by him for the sake of thousands of sufferers whom he desires to reach and benefit. The letter, therefore, may be of vital importance to you or to some one you may know. It is from one of the best known and popular druggists in the fine and growing city from which he writes, where those interested may find Mr. Crawford at his place of business on the corner of Main and Union streets:

Springfield, Mass., Mar. 22, '84.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—For ten years I have been afflicted with kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination, for no one can appreciate it except those who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find myself older and worse than ever. I may say that I used 25 bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely useless—at least in my case. Your "FAVORITE REMEDY"—I say it with a perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides—is the only thing that did me the slightest good, and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended "Favorite Remedy" to many people for kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that Dr. David Kennedy's FOVORITE REMEDY has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing and often fatal complaint. Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of others. Yours, &c.,

LYMAN CRAWFORD.

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

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OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE 25 CTS.

COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD-DISEASES SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. R.E. SELLERS & CO. Pros. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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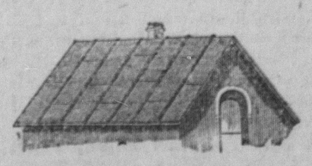

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Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jly ISRAEL CONFER & SON

Scientific.

Mr. Herbert Goss states that in 1879 only 103 fossil insects from the carboniferous rocks of the whole world were known to science. During the last five years, however, the additions to that number have been very large through the discoveries made in Europe and America.

The bridge to be constructed over the Hawkesbury River, New South Wales, will be a remarkable work. This double-track railway bridge will be 3,000 feet long, and the piers, according to the plans, will require to be sunk about 170 feet in all below tide. The estimated cost is not less than $2,000,000.

From G. M. Dawson, in *Science*, the Saskatchwan county, it appears, is about 300,000 square miles in area and less than 2,000 feet above the sea-level. It is lower than the adjoining country to the south, and is characterized by scattered groves of aspin an extraordinary number of small lakes, which are emptied by evaporation before autumn.

In an important note on spectroscopic observations through the medium of radiant matter submitted by Mr. William Crookes to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, the author shows that, from the anomalies presented during his present experiments, the conclusions of spectrum analysis *per se* are liable to serious error, unless at each step, the spectroscopist is controlled by the chemist, who represents the court of appeal.

Mr. H. A. Hazen, in the *American Meteorological Journal*, divides thunder-storms into—first, common storms with light winds, more or less rain, and generally not very heavy thunder; second, those preceded or attended by a high and sudden wind, and third, those that may be termed electric storms, mostly experienced in the West, giving the remarkable phenomena of heavy electric discharges, more or less wind, and no rain. The assertion regarding the absence of rain has awakened much interest and speculation among European meteorologists, who observe in it that which conflicts with the generally accepted theory of thunder-storms.

In a report on the bituminous deposits of the Camamu basin of the Province of Bahia, in Brazil, Mr. J. M. Cameron presents some facts with regard to the influence of the mangrove in relation to the formation of the great muddy swamps on the coast. The grayish black mud sustains a luxuriant mangrove vegetation, and the mud seems to be the result principally of the prolonged and continued decomposition of the roots and branches of the trees. As the tidal currents ebb and flow very slowly they have not sufficient force to sweep away the greasy mud, and there it remains as food for successive generations of mangroves and as a store for the supply of oleaginous material for distant generations of human beings.

M. Delaunay, of Paris, predicts that earthquakes on a grand scale will occur next year either when the earth is under the influence of a planet of the first rank, such as Jupiter, or under that of a group of asteroids, or at a time when the sun and moon are nearest to our planet simultaneously. This specialist in earthquakes foretold the frightful catastrophes which occurred in South America in 1877. He announced a vast seismic disturbance in 1883, and the appalling disasters in the Indian Archipelago followed. He raised his voice of warning also before the late extensive shaking of the earth in Spain. It is no wonder that his latest utterances have caused considerable attention in various countries.

A paper on the chemistry of Japanese lacquer has been sent to the Royal Academy, Edinburgh, by Mr. Hikorokuro Yoshida, chemist to the Imperial Geological Survey of Japan. Lacquer juice was found, it is stated, to consist of a monobasic acid, (urushic acid,) a small proportion of a nitrogenous diastatic matter, gum arabic, and water. The hardening of the lacquer is shown to be due to the oxidation of the urushic acid to oxyurushic acid by the action of the nitrogenous substance in the presence of air and moisture. Colored lacquer is made by the addition of metals, their sulphides or oxides, to the juice, which exerts no action upon them, except in the case of black lacquer, the color of which is due to the presence of urushiate of iron, produced by the addition of iron filings to the juice.

It is said that bars of file-tempered steel may be strongly magnetized in this way. An old file, for example, is placed in a coil of moderate-sized wires, with one end resting against a block of iron. One of the wires from a dynamo-electric machine is connected to one end of the wire coil, while the other end of the coil is attached to a small block of iron which rests against the free end of the file. The other wire from the dynamo-electric is attached to a good-sized hammer, the face of which is past injury by the spark. When the block to which the iron coil is attached is struck by the hammer against the end of the file, a mechanical shock is imparted, while at the same instant the electric current passes through the coil with the result of speedily jarring the molecules of steel into position. It is stated that the magnetization thus obtained is permanent to a very considerable degree.

Fall styles of hats and caps just received at the Bee Hive.

Items of Interest.

German geologists estimate that the Dead Sea will be a mass of solid salt a thousand years hence.

The White House letter paper is of the finest quality, with beautifully printed heading. Jefferson headed his own foolscap with a quill pen.

A prominent physician of Athens, Ga., who has had many cases of sore throat lately, made an investigation and found nearly every one of them was caused by cigarette smoking.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written, says A. P. Russell in his "Literary Notes," by Woodworth, a journeyman printer, "while under the inspiration of brandy."

The gamblers of Omaha made a proposition to the city that if they are not interfered with for one year they will pay for all street improvements and keep up the water works.

One of the evidences of lunacy offered in a New Orleans contested will case was that the man, while changing his high silk hats twice a year, invariably had them made in the fashionable shape of precisely ten years before.

Barnum is said to have been the angriest in his life when he found that the big man engaged to introduce Tom Thumb to the spectators, had swapped jobs with the small one who had been selected to exhibit Col. Goshen.

Calling a man a big buffoon in Naples is considered the highest honor you can pay him. Buffoonery is a fine art there, requiring unlimited talents; amateurs are classed as the best and take no pay; hence a prince may be a buffoon and often is. Customs differ.

According to a temperance orator at Winthrop, Me., of twenty-seven men who banded themselves together to oppose the Washingtonian temperance movement, eleven died of the abuse of liquor, and four through accidents caused by it; seven were lost at sea, and an eighth sailed and never was heard from; two killed themselves, and two were hanged at the South.

The denial is made for Edwin Booth that he was ever a negro minstrel, save in the sense that he may also have been a circus performer. When a lad in Baltimore he and other boys played circus, minstrelsy, tragedy, and other capers in a cellar. He entered the dramatic profession when he was not more than sixteen, and thereafter traveled with his father almost up to the time of the latter's death. It is a fact, however, that Forrest was once a rider and acrobat in a circus.

The growth of the female population in the large cities is a remarkable feature of the censuses of the time. New York has a surplus of about 25,000 women, Boston of 18,000, Baltimore 17,000, and so on through the whole list of cities in the East. Fifty years ago the women stayed at home while the men came to the city to pursue their careers; now, both in Europe and America, the women are crowding to the business centres.

A Wisconsin woman accuses her husband of trying to persuade her to commit suicide in a manner that would enable him to collect for their children the amount of an insurance policy on her life. He argued the propriety of the project, since she was feeble and likely to require much doctoring during the rest of her natural life, thus using up money needlessly, whereas by dying at once she could leave the family in good circumstances.

The Landwehr is a term applied in Germany and Austria to a military force in some respect resembling our militia. Every German capable of bearing arms and over twenty years of age, must serve three years in the regular army, four in the army of reserve, and five years in the Landwehr. He is then liable to be called upon twice for annual practice, and to be incorporated in the regular army in time of war. Leaving the Landwehr, he is enrolled till the age of fifty in the Landstrum, which body is only called upon for service within the frontiers of the country in case of invasion.

The weight of Daniel Webster's brain was sixty-three ounces. He died, according to Dr. Jeffries, of disease of the liver, the immediate cause of death being hemorrhage from the bowels and stomach, owing to the morbid state of the blood consequent upon the above disease; also dropsy in the abdomen. On making a post mortem examination, it was found that the cerebral organs were of the largest known capacity, exceeding by thirty per cent. the average weight of the human brain, and with only two exceptions (Cuvier and Dupuytren), the largest of which there is any record.

There is a professional master of character in calligraphy at Aix-les-Bains, an abbe, dark-bearded, his priestly costume giving an air of clerical dignity. He is the hero of the hour, and there are interesting seances in the apartments of great ladies. Superstitious Italians have already declared him nearly allied to the evil one. It is said that taking a letter written by a person utterly unknown to him, he will draw an oral portrait of the writer, even to the color of the hair and eyes, and sketch the moral and mental characteristics of the individual with completeness.

Madras, madras clappets, and poppet drapery—Garmans. oll

Woman's Province.

THE DUTIES OF THE GENTLER SEX—HOW BEST FULFILLED.

What a great task is assigned to woman. Its dignity can not be elevated. It is not her province to make laws, to lead armies, nor to be at the head of great enterprises, but to her is given the power to form those by whom the laws are made, to teach the leaders of mighty armies and the governors of vast empires. She is required to guard against having the slightest taint of bodily infirmity touch the frail creature whose moral, intellectual and physical being is derived from her. She must instil correct principles, inculcate right doctrines, and breathe into the soul of her offspring those pure sentiments which in time to come will be a part of themselves, and bless generations yet unborn. Yes, to woman is given the blessed privilege of aiding the sufferer in all the various stages of his existence. She smiles serenely at the christening, and weeps at the burial, while she soothes the bereaved heart. This is her province and duty. Yet how can she fulfill her mission unless possessed of a strong and healthy body? The preparation of Dr. S. B. Hartman, and known as PERUNA, is just the thing for persons suffering from a majority of the complaints incident to this climate. It is invaluable to women, and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, is a noted example of what the medicine can do. She says she has suffered for years with congestion of the lungs, catarrh in the head, and was troubled with a bad cough. She had tried a number of physicians, but they all failed to cure her. She was induced to try PERUNA, and immediately a marked change took place. After using one bottle her cough ceased and in a short time her other ailments were cured. She is now completely restored to health, and gives all the credit to PERUNA. Mr. J. W. Reynolds, her husband, was a confirmed invalid. He could not sleep well, neither could he work. He used PERUNA, and as a result, was completely restored to his former vigor and strength. He says he now feels like a new man.

Mr. Bernhardt Scubs, St. Clair, St. Clair county, Mich., says: "I have thoroughly tried your PERUNA in the various diseases to which parents and a large family of children are ever liable, and I find it in every case to be just the thing needed. No family can honestly be without it."

Nancy Feterman, Cookport, Indiana County, Pa., says: "*Gentlemen:* Your valuable PERUNA is the best medicine I ever used."

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY,

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

Surface Indications

What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the Pimples, Stiles, Sore Eyes, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into Scrofula. This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of Hereditary Scrofula.

The medical profession indorse AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

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A live school, imparting a practical business education; enabling young men to enter upon the active duties of life. For circular address P. DUFF & SONS.

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Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the CROWNING GLORY, FORT ORANGE, EASTLAKE AND WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

AGAIN AT (1) HUMAN MISERY IS THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure Seminal Weakness of Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, etc., by ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

The world-renowned author in this admirable lecture clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.

2may 1yr

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 8, 1885.

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	6 10 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 55 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 18 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 25 a m
"	arr at	Erie	5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 23 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 30 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 50 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 56 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
		(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 55 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
		EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 15 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 10 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 28 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 20 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACC'N	leaves	Renovo	4 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 05 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 27 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 40 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE	MAIL leaves	Erie	2 40 p m
"	"	Renovo	11 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	12 03 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 20 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 21 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.			
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M	
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50	
2 00	10 25	6 30	Lewisburg	8 55	12 55	5 35	
2 11		6 45	Biehl	8 32		5 20	
2 19		6 53	Vicksburg	8 27		5 00	
2 30		7 10	Mifflinburg	8 25		4 45	
2 49		7 35	Millmont	7 55		4 23	
2 58		7 45	Laurelton	7 45		4 13	
4 03		8 45	Coburn	6 55		2 53	
4 14		8 55	Zerby	6 46		2 43	
4 30		9 05	Rising Spring	6 35		2 29	
4 41		9 15	Penn Cave	6 25		2 10	
4 52		9 25	Centre Hall	6 15		2 00	
5 01		9 33	Gregg	6 07		1 52	
5 12		9 43	Linden Hall	5 58		1 43	
5 20		9 50	Oak Hall	5 51		1 36	
5 30		10 00	Lemont	5 45		1 30	
5 38		10 08	Dale Summit	5 37		1 22	
5 49		10 19	Pleasant Gap	5 26		1 11	
5 53		10 23	Axemann	5 22		1 07	
6 00		10 30	Bellefonte	5 15		1 00	

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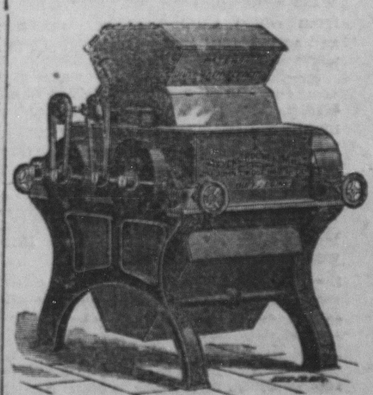

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"WHEN I WAS YOUNG?"

It *might* have been a dream of night,
It *might* have been a vision!
It *might* have been a thousand things!
But oh, it was Elysian!
The sudden thought that came to me,
In midst of weary doing,
Of happy days when I was young;
Was young, and went a-wooing!

I climbed again the dusty road,
The long hill winding over,
And smelt the haystack's dried perfume
Of "Timothy" and "Clover;"
I felt again my pulses thrill,
Seeing with love's fancy
The trysting place upon the hill,
The golden rod, and Nancy.

O, dry dull years, that stretch away
Like arid sands behind me!
O, carping cares that give no rest,
O, fret and toil that bind me!
I close my eyes upon you all,
In spite of endless doing,
To dream of golden days, when I
Was young, and went a-wooing.

NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL.

Con Creighton had got himself into a scrape, and, man-like, had no very definite idea how he was to get out of it.

Last winter, in a flush of enthusiasm, he had rewarded Emily Cummings's seraphic smiles by an offer of his hand and fortune, and she, having been for months an earnest competitor, accepted the prize with a show of tenderness that was perfect in its way.

She was a belle and a beauty, but, to give the poor fellow his due, he was not very much in love himself, and had, moreover, a faint fleeting notion that his £100,000 had more to do with her acceptance than any purely personal merit of his own.

However, the marriage in all human probability would have taken place, and my little love story been entirely nipped in the bud, had it not been for the grim hand of fate, which beckoned the unfortunate Con to a watering place, on a fishing excursion ostensibly, but in reality to fall in love with pretty little Mabel Gordon.

He met her at some village gathering, and it being a fixed principle of his to attach himself to the prettiest girl in the room, he in the present case adhered to his purpose with a rigidity which would have been extremely amusing only that it so soon became serious, for, after two or three meetings had followed the rustic soiree, Master Con was fairly infatuated, and innocent Mabel began to think that her ideal hero had stepped out from his "castle in the air" and taken earthly lodgings forever and ever more.

For a week the dream was bright and undisturbed; then Con began to feel uncomfortable.

With the prospect of being married to one girl in a month, he was hardly dishonorable enough to propose the same course with another; but being neither very clever nor original, he couldn't see the slightest loop-hole. So, by way of inspiration, perhaps, he lingered on at Mabel's side; and she, poor child, was happy in the uncertainty.

Of course people talked, as they always do talk; and some, more daring than the rest, encompassed Con, and looked unutterable things as they spoke of Mabel's parentage.

"Lives with her father and mother? Oh, yes. But then they don't happen to be her father and mother. She is their daughter's daughter; and as to who was her father—well, we don't know, and the Blairs take care to give us no information."

Then Con was awfully angry.

He was just young enough to be Quixotic, and, of course, he wanted to marry her, shame or no shame; to take his little star-faced angel to himself for evermore—to transplant his little field daisy to a more luxurious soil.

He went up to see her, with a letter from Emily Cummings in his pocket and an ominous guilty feeling about his heart.

"By Jove! but this is a cheering scrape. Those Cummingses will be after me like a pack of vultures; but all I know is that I'll never have a wife if I don't get Mabel Gordon."

So, with trembling determination, he went into her presence—pretty Mabel, with her white face upraised and her wondrous hair falling around her like a glorious golden cloud.

"I thought you would come," she said shyly, the color faintly flushing her fair cheeks. And then, though nature hadn't made him so, Con felt more foolish than ever.

"As if I could stay away!" he answered, half reproachfully; then added pathetically, "At least, until I have to, for I'm going away in a day or two."

I suppose Mabel had the natural coquetishness of her sex; but at that particular moment it deserted her entirely. Her eyes wandered down the road, and she leaned more heavily than ever against the garden gate.

"Oh, are you?" very faint and tremulous, she murmured.

"Yes; but I'll come back again if any one wants me."

She stole one quick glance at him from under her downcast lids.

"Do you want me, Mabel? Shall I come back to you?"

No answer came from the parted lips, but I think he knew she wanted him, for, leaning over the garden gate, he answered her silence by saying, "Very well, dear. I'll be back in a very little while, and you'll be waiting for me, won't you?"

It was not very definite, to say the least of it.

Any other girl would have preferred a more lucid proposal, but poor little Mabel had one of those rare natures which are satisfied to give all and take almost nothing—to love pre-eminently, perfectly, and receive in return a trifling bit of affection.

The world does'nt contain a great many like her, and I, for one, am heartily glad.

I think the women who hold their own, and anything else they can get, are far more preferable; but then earth and earth's children must be variegated, sharp as well as sweet.

Con went home that night ecstatically but guiltily happy, and when he reached home he found a letter awaiting him—a letter from his mother, the elder Mrs. Creighton, asking, or I should say demanding, his instant return.

"Emily is very ill," she said, "and certainly your place should be beside the lady who in four weeks will become your wife. In addition to this, I am afraid that some ulterior object causes your long delay in that out-of-the-way place. I have heard, but totally disbelieve, a rumor of some girl whose pretty face has attracted your attentions. It floated upon me with some appearance of veracity, and might have troubled me had I not known that I could trust your dignity as being a member of the Creighton family and your honor as being engaged to Emily Cummings."

Con crushed the letter in his hand and tried to stare circumstances in the face, but circumstances baffled him, and in a state of semi-torture he retired to his dream-disturbed couch.

The next morning he returned to London, leaving a little note for Mabel in explanation of his absence.

Emily Cummings was much better when he reached the city.

Mrs. Creighton greeted him with dignified pleasure, and poor Con felt as utterly mean and dishonorable as his most inveterate enemy could have desired,

For a week he wandered around in a very uncomfortable state, and then he began to make sudden resolutions.

"What a confounded fool I am!" he soliloquized, as he walked along Piccadilly in the most dolorous frame of mind. "I haven't written a word to poor little Mabel, and these people are determined to get me married. I'd better break my bonds before it's too late."

"Mr. Creighton, I would like to speak with you for a moment, please."

Con turned with a start and encountered his lawyer, Arthur Gray, of the firm of Gray & Myers, solicitors.

"Certainly, Mr. Gray. What's the business now?"

"Rather an unpleasant business, I am sorry to say, sir. But will you stop in at my office, where I can fully explain?"

So Con followed him in, and waited to hear what the unpleasant business might be.

"You are aware, sir, that your late uncle from whom you inherit your fortune, died intestate—or, I should say, was thought to have died intestate—whereupon, you were his heir-at-law. A few days since, however, we made what to you must prove a painful discovery—viz, the certificate of his marriage, and a half-drawn-up will, in which he bequeathed all he possessed to his acknowledged wife, or her children, should she have any. After diligent inquiries we have discovered that the late Mrs. Creighton died in giving birth to a child, but the child is still living, so, my dear Mr. Creighton, with deep sorrow, I must inform you that you are"——

"Penniless," finished Con, gloomily, but with deliberation.

"Not quite, Mr. Creighton. Your father left you £2,000, which is something, though considerably less than £100,000. Your cousin arrived to-day, I believe."

Poor Con! He didn't care very much if she never arrived; but he managed to get into the street without disgracefully showing his feelings, and then, by way of keeping up the illusion, tried to whistle.

But the effort was a miserable failure, for, after all, it's no joke to find oneself suddenly precipitated from the pinnacle of millionaireship.

"Well, after all, there's one comfort," he said, returning to his soliloquy; "Emily Cummings won't want me now; so I fancy I'll give her warning. Mabel will take me, rich or poor, and I hope I'm not such a miserable coward as to shirk the labor of a man."

His meditations brought him up in front of the Cummings' residence.

Five minutes after he was sitting in the daintiest of boudoirs. Emily before him in the most recherche of French morning robes, fragrant with the subtlest of French perfumes.

"You look dreadfully tired, Con. Have you been walking very far?" she asked, a sweet sympathy perceptible in her voice, and a tender anxiety in her luminous eyes.

"Not particularly far, but I have bad news; and, as a general thing, that is more harrassing than the mere effort of walking."

Con had a way of plunging right into difficulties, and now he wanted to be over with it.

"Why, what news have you had? Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Oh, not at all. Only that I've lost every penny of the fortune my uncle left me!"

He now noticed with great satisfaction that her fair face grew very white, and that she instantly put on an indescribable expression of withdrawal.

"Lost, eh? Oh, no. How?"

"Oh, in a romantic way, of course. It seems that my supposed bachelor uncle was in reality a benedict, but as his marriage was a secret one, and the girl was not of his own social status, nobody knew anything about it, so he told her the ceremony was false, and left her. She died heartbroken, but left an heir or heiress, I don't know which. This child takes the silver spoon out of my mouth, and I, as you see, lose £100,000 and am ruined. Plain and lucid, isn't it?"

But Emily didn't answer; she was grieving over her fallen castles, musing over her unpaid bills, and wondering whether father could stand this last stroke of misfortune.

"Of course, Emily, I came to you at once to release you, if you wished, from our engagement. Reared as you have been, I could not expect you to marry a poor man; and, indeed, I fear that, in my changed circumstances, I would be no fit husband for you."

Then Emily Cummings showed that, girl as she was, she was equal to the occasion.

Standing fully before him, where the light fell directly on the beautiful, haughty face and slender, graceful figure, she assisted him out of his difficulty with an ease and grace that was almost superb.

"I can readily perceive, Mr. Creighton, that it is your wish that our engagement should end, and knowing this, I should be the last one to oppose your inclinations. As regards your loss, I sympathize with you sincerely, but I cannot fail to rejoice that it happened before I awoke to the fate of an unloved wife."

She paused for breath, and then, as Con stood in shameful and, it must be confessed, slightly disgusted silence, she went on. "And now, Mr. Creighton, rather than prolong our unpleasant interview, had we better not say good-by?"

So, for the last time, Con went down the marble stairs, saying to himself, "At any rate, I still have £2,000 and Mabel."

He walked along the streets, feeling his spirits considerably lighter, his troubled conscience comparatively at rest, but just as he reached his mother's residence Gray once more encountered him.

"Ah here you are again! The very fellow I want! Your cousin has arrived and is anxious to see you. Could you go to her at once? She is with some relatives at the 'Grand Hotel.'"

Con turned on him, a sulky expression wreathing his handsome face.

"Look here, Gray! Isn't it enough for a fellow to be left penniless, without making him play lackey to the girl that's got his money? As you're so desperately interested, you can tell my cousin that I am very much engaged to-day, and can't go to her. If she wishes to see my mother I presume she can find her."

Arthur Gray whistled as he turned his back upon his late client,

He was a young man, and still unmarried, so it may be presumed he didn't feel very badly as he returned to pay his devoirs to the heiress.

But Con felt far more comfortable as he passed the massive portals of his mother's door, and strode impatiently down the stately hails that were theirs no longer.

As he strode inside the lofty room that his imagination had already peopled, and looked around on the velvet chairs and lounges, in every nook or which he had already ensconced, in fancy, Mabel's slender figure on the softly yielding carpets that he hoped her little feet would press; on the heavy silken curtains from between which he had dreamt of seeing a childish face and golden head waiting and watching for him, and did feel very, very badly; and, after all, I don't think any of us can blame him, although we may all have raised supercilious eyebrows at the truthful homeliness of the old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

After his passion had subsided he wrote to Mabel, and, to give him his due, took infinite comfort in so doing.

He told her all his misfortunes and asked if she would in reality become his wife; told her how he hoped by his own exertions to climb the ladder, and asked the aid of her small hands to help him in the struggle. Then he stamped the letter and sealed it with the Creighton seal, after which he went in search of his mother. She was out driving, the servant said, and would not be home until dinner. So, with a feeling of half relief, he was descending the stairs when the servant called, "I forgot to give you this note, Mr. Creighton. It was left about five minutes ago."

Con took it up and glanced carelessly at it, a dainty little envelope, whose delicate address he did not recognize, broke the seal, and read:

"Miss Creighton's compliments to Mr. Creighton, and desires his immediate presence at the 'Grand Hotel.'"

"By Jove! She'll offer me the post of foot-man next. I presume. But I'll go to her now, and let her see her mistake."

"So, in anything but an amiable humor, he wended his way to her "immediate presence."

"Miss Creighton is engaged at present, but will be down in five minutes," the waiter said. And after he had disappeared, Con began to mutter something contemptuous about "country charms," etc.

Then finding he had to wait he resigned himself to a comfortable armchair until a light step sounded in the hall; until a slight figure, clouds of golden hair and diaphanous robes of fleecy gauze, came floating into the room; until a sweet voice cried out: "Oh, Con, I am so glad to see you!"

Then, while he was staring and wondering, Mabel's two white hands were laid in his; Mabel's sweet face was upturned to him; Mabel's violet eyes rested upon him, the tender love-light lurking in their depths.

"Mabel, my darling—my own little Mabel, what does this mean?"

"Why, you silly fellow, it means that I'm your cousin, Mabel Creighton; and that I'm glad, oh! so glad, Con, that I didn't take your money never to return it. And I'm gladder still that we met before they made this discovery, and that you loved me in spite of what people said!"

He was so stupefied that he could only manage to say, "Why, did you know what they said?"

She drew herself up to her fullest height and looked him proudly in the face.

"Certainly I didn't know it, or I would have found out the truth and told you all at the time you asked me to be waiting for your return. I always thought I was grandpapa's daughter, for you know when my mother died we left the place where I was born and went to the village where you met me."

He began to realize it then, but still you can imagine that he felt rather awkward.

"And so my little Mabel is the heiress," he began, by way of prelude; but she interrupted him.

"No, Con, I'm not; I don't want the money, nor grandpa, nor grandma does not want it. We were happy before and we can be happy again if——"

And then she stopped, the violet eyes drooped and Con was himself again, as he stooped toward her, saying, "Very well, darling; but I must take you, too, for security."

Three months after the security was paid, and the golden link of the marriage tie riveted the agreement forever; while with smiling serenity Mrs. Creighton, senior, looked on, entirely forgetting her old advocacy of Emily Cummings and her own aversion to the little country girl whose "pretty face" had attracted Con's attentions.

Ah, well! I suppose she is pardonable; and I wonder, in the universal joy, if the Mabel Creighton that slept so peacefully in the village churchyard knew that her daughter was happy?

Punishing the Patagonians.

The dividing line between the Argentine Republic and what was known as Patagonir was the River Negro, which flows along the forty-first parallel, about nine hundred miles north of the Straits of Magellan. The greater portion of this country is well watered pampas or prairie, extending in plainly-marked terraces, rising one after the other, from the Atlantic to the Andes; but toward the south the land becomes more bleak and barren, the soil being a bed of shale with thorny shrubs and tufts of coarse grasses, upon which nothing but the ostrich can exist. The winters are very severe fierce winds sweeping from the mountains to the sea, with nothing to obstruct their course. These winds are called pamperos, and are the dread of those who navigate the South Atlantic. During the winter months the Indians were in the habit of driving their cattle northward into the foothills of the Andes for protection, and, leaving them there made raids upon the settlements of the Argentine frontier, killing, burning, and stealing cattle and horses. Terror-stricken the ranchmen fled to the cities for protection, and year by year the frontier line receded toward Buenos Ayres, instead of extending further upon the plains.

President Roca was then a general of cavalry, and had won renown in the war against Lopez, the tyrant of Paraguay. He was sent with two or three regiments to discipline the Indians, and he did it in a way that was as effective as it was novel. While the Indians were in the mountains with their cattle he set his soldiers to work, several thousand of them, and dug a great ditch twelve feet wide and fifteen feet deep from the mountains to the Rio Negro, scattering the earth from the excavation over the ground with such care as to leave nothing to excite the savages' suspicions. Then when the ditch was completed, he flanked the Indians with his cavalry and drove them southward on the run. Being ignorant of the trap set for them, the Indians galloped carelessly along until thousands of them were destroyed.

TEACHER (to a class in moral ethics)—"What has a mother in view when she spanks her disobedient child?" Young high school lady—blushes and answers not a word.

Revolvers.

A country merchant at one of the Chicago hotels the other day asked the clerk to direct him to the pawnshop region of the city. The diamond-wearer and bell-jabber looked up in astonishment and was about to send a porter upstairs to look after the guest's baggage, when the latter remarked:

"Oh, you needn't look so scared. I don't want to pawn anything, and will pay my hotel bill. I am a hardware dealer and want to buy some revolvers."

The country merchant went down to South, State and Clark streets and made the rounds of the numerous pawnshops to be found there. He bought several dozen revolvers of all sizes and values and piled them in a carpet bag, which he had brought along for the purpose.

"Yes," he said, in response to the inquiry of the Chicago *Herald* reporter, who had followed him, "I buy all my revolvers in this way. I have been on to the scheme about a year. I never come to Chicago but what I save enough on the revolvers I buy in the pawnshops to pay my hotel bill, and sometimes my incidental expenses. I can buy these goods a great deal cheaper than I could new ones, of course, and out where I live I can sell them for almost as much. There's a queer thing about this revolver trade. A country boy never thinks of coming to Chicago without a revolver in his pocket. He has heard so much about the wickedness of Chicago, you know, that he really thinks it wouldn't be safe. And, besides, no young man in the country thinks himself really a man unless he has a revolver. When they come here to Chicago on business or a visit, or looking for a job, and they run short of money, the first thing that goes to the pawnshop is the revolver; and they go for a song, too. One day I was in a pawnshop, at No. —— State street, when a fellow came in and pawned a revolver for a $1.50 that he had bought of me a month before for $9. On my next trip I bought the gun for $3.50 and sold it within a week for $8. Shouldn't wonder if I could make two or three turns on it before it wears out, and if I don't somebody else will. There's a continual drift of revolvers in that way. We sell 'em in the country, in the city the pawnbrokers get them, and then we buy them back again. Four-fifths of the revolvers sold are in the country towns, and the smaller the town the better the trade in proportion. The trade in cheap revolvers has about played out.

The Fleur-De-Lis.

The lily, or fleur-de-lis, has long been regarded as the flower emblematic of France. From the time of the Merovingian dynasty it has been employed among the signs of royalty. The great seals of Frederic Barbarossa, of Edward the Confessor and of other monarchs show the fleur-de-lis either on the point of the sceptre or on the crown. Many noble families of France, Germany and Italy bear it on their signet. Louis VII., le Jeune, appears to have been the first King of France who placed it in his arms and from that time it became the hereditary armorial bearing of the Capets. Innumerable fleur-de-lis covered the royal vestments and the oriflamme or banner. Philippe III. reduced the number to three to suit the triangular shape of his shield.

Guillim's "Display of Heraldy," folio edition, date 1724, is a quaint old book, reprinted and revised from former editions. It has something to remark on every flower used in heraldry, but not always anything that is interesting save to students of that particular science. Of the lily he has somewhat to say; the rose and the lily are the flowers most often borne in coats of arms. Guillim says; "Of all other the Fleur de Lis is of most esteem, having been from the first bearing the charge of a regal Escutcheon, originally borne by the Kings of France; though tract of Time hath made the Bearing of them more vulgar; even as purple was in ancient Times a Wearing only for Princes, which now has lost that Prerogative through Custom."

At the time of the first Restoration, that of Louis XVIII., in 1814, certain citizens of Paris were called the Chevaliers du Lis and carried a small silver lily on a white ribbon, hanging from the button-hole. This was not an order of knighthood, but an order of fervent royalists. Every one holding any office under the restored monarchy was at first compelled to wear the lily, but when the early excitement wore off the sign of it disappeared, after an existence of only two years.

The name Susan or Shushan, signifies in Hebrew, Lily.

In Longfellow's little poem called Flower-de-Luce he addresses the "beautiful lily," the "Iris, fair among the fairest," as "dwelling by still rivers," as "born to the purple," and as "winged with the celestial azure." It is also called asphodel; in his lotus-eaters Tennyson says that the happy dead

"In Elysian valleys dwell.
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of Asphodel."

A SOUTHSIDE couple stood before a Court street jeweler's the other evening, when the young lady remarked: "Gawgie, don't you think there is something perfectly lovely about those clocks?" "What do you admire so much about them?" he asked. "Why, don't you see they—they name the day." The future will tell if Gawgie tumbled.

A Kansas Tornado.

"One July night," continued the tall man, "I had my wheat all stacked ready for thrashing, and went to bed feeling as rich as if I owned the whole country. About midnight, as near as I can recollect, I heard a clap of thunder, and then the house began to rock like a willow tree. Then everything was quiet for a little while, and I went to sleep. Early the next morning my wife got up and looked out of the window.

"'John,' said she, 'where on earth is your wheat?'

"'What?' said I jumping out of bed, 'what's that you say?'

"'Where's the wheat?'

"I looked out of the window, too, and, stranger, I saw the most remarkable sight I ever saw. There wasn't a grain of wheat within a mile of me. There wasn't a remnant of my barn. My barnyard was gone, the house, the cows, and even the pigs were gone. I got dressed and walked out doors. The place was changed, stranger—changed in a single night. My house was setting in a garden by the side of a creek. There was a new barn in the yard, some red cows—mine were white; some black pigs—mine were spotted, and instead of wheat there was the alfiredest stack of cornstalks you ever looked at. I thought at first I was dreaming, and asked my wife to kick me, but I wasn't. About breakfast time some neighbors came in and asked where Mr. Jones was. I never heard of him.

"'He used to live here,' they said, 'He lived here last night.'

"Then I told them of the crash and the rocking, and they said I must have been struck by a tornado. I asked where I was; they said I was in Izard county, which was fifty miles south of where I went to bed. Sure enough they were right. The strangest part of it was, the house wasn't hurt a bit. The roof, even, didn't leak. The neighbors said it was a visitation of Providence, and the place belonged to me. But that wasn't all, stranger. About a year afterward I heard from some of my old neighbors that Jones' house had been moved right up to where my old house stood, by the same blasted wind. We both concluded to stay where we were and avoided any trouble on that account. I've been away three months, and can't exactly say where I do live now, but I expect I am still at the old stand."

The Genesta at Home.

The Genesta which was defeated in the recent international yacht race for the America's cup by the American yacht Puritan, in New York harbor, arrived at Portsmouth, England, at 9 o'clock on the 28th ult. after a voyage across the Atlantic. She came into port flying three first-prize flags, won in her contests with American yachts. Great enthusiasm was manifested by the crowds on board the men-of-war and yachts in the harbor, and cheer after cheer greeted her as she sailed into port.

It is believed that the time of the Genesta's trip across the Atlantic, twenty days and ten hours, beats the best yacht record. The wind during the voyage was north-northeast to west, with occasional strong, heavy seas, which greatly retarded their progress. Twice the Genesta was hove to, and the whole trip was made under reefed try-sails. The only mishaps were the breaking of the mate's ankle and a slight disarrangement of the steering gear. The best runs were as follows:—On the 12th ult., 238 miles; 13th, 240 miles; and 14th, 300 miles. The crew of the Genesta speak of their treatment in America with enthusiasm.

Mohammedanism.

Fifty years ago Mohammedanism was but little known on the West Coast of Africa. In the North and East it has had a foothold for centuries. But the West remained untouched, and it seemed as if Christianity would have to contend only with pagan ideas and customs in its efforts to win over the peoples of that vast region stretching from the confines of Morocco to Cape Colony. In 1859 it had practically conquered the territory between the Senegal and the Sierra Leone rivers—a stretch of 600 miles; and in 1875 it had passed several hundred miles farther south. The missionaries—the aggressive men who do this work—are the Mandingo merchants, who, while carrying with them the wares of Manchester and Birmingham, actively disseminate the doctrines of the Prophet. From the coast Mohamedan doctrines are spreading rapidly into the interior, Mahdism is rampant among the later converts, and it begins to look as if the Christian missionaries in Africa—in the West and in the interior as well as in the East—were to have to deal with Mohammedanism rather than with paganism.

DEBAGGS—Yes, sir, it was a glorious sight. I was on the tug within 200 yards of the explosion. I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars.

Pompan—I wonder that you weren't afraid of being blown up with the rocks.

DeBaggs—Afraid of being blown up! I? Why, sakes alive, man, I've been married for twenty-three years and I belong to four lodges and two clubs.

Apprehension of evil is often worse than evil itself.

HOUSEHOLD.

ECONOMICAL SUET CRUST FOR BAKING.—If properly made, this paste will be found equal to pastry made from the best fresh butter. Take some fresh beef-kidney suet, and having removed the skin, proceed to shred, not chop, the suet in as thin flakes as possible. For ordinary flaky paste the suet may be mixed in these flakes lightly in flour with a knife, adding a little salt and cold water, and, if at hand, a few drops of lemon juice. The paste then turned and rolled as for rough puff or flaky. If required for a better class of pastry, the suet, after being shred up, must be placed in a mortar and pounded to the consistency of butter, adding, if the suet is hard, a few drops of best olive oil to it during the process. When reduced to the desired consistency, the suet may be used either for short crust and puff pastry in exactly the same way as butter is employed; and if properly prepared, will be quite as good, and far superior to any pastry prepared with lard.

POTATO MUFFINS.—Bake, with their jackets on, four large sized potatoes until they are mealy. Then take them out of the oven, cut them open, and beat up the inside until quite smooth, seasoning with a little salt and adding two ounces of clarified butter and enough warm water to make the mixture a thin batter. Then add three beaten eggs and three pints of the best flour. Mix into a dough and then knead into it a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of luke-warm water, also a cupful of fresh yeast. Let the dough rise over night, then put it into rings, baking the muffins on a griddle to a light brown. When done on one side they should be turned. They should not be cut when eaten, but first toasted a little, torn open and buttered.

ANGEL'S FOOD.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one quart of rich milk, beat together the yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar and the juice of one lemon, or orange, as preferred. Stir this to the gelatine and milk, as soon as the first is thoroughly dissolved, and let it just come to boiling. Flavor with a little vanilla if liked, When nearly cold whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir through the custard. Pour into molds and set away to cool.

An Architect's Opinion.

Mr. Edward Sidel was the chief assistant to the architect for the Exposition Buildings at New Orleans. He writes that he used St. Jacob's Oil with the best effects in a severe case of rheumatism, and recommends it to all similarly afflicted as the quickest and most certain remedy.

A great man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.

Good news ought to be told; and it is good news that Hunt's Remedy has cured *the worst* of kidney diseases, and can do it again.

A joyful evening may follow a sorrowful morning.

So Say We All of Us.

The greatest beauty seen
Of womankind so rare,
Is when she uses Carboline
To beautify her hair.

A handful of trade is a handful of gold.

THE BULWARK OF HEALTH is *blood*. If this be impure and runs sluggishly through the system, health must be undermined sooner or later. The most perfect renovator that the patient ever yet has tried is VINEGAR BITTERS. It carries off all impurities, enriches the life-giving fluid, restores health and vigor, and is a boon to suffering humanity.

A jest driven too far brings home hate.

"BEESON'S AROMATIC ALUM SULPHUR SOAP," beautifies and softens Face and hands, heals and cures all skin diseases for sure. 25 cents by "Druggist" or by mail, Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

A hand saw is a good thing, but not to shave with.

THE habit of running over boots or shoes corrected with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Memory is the granary of the mind and of experience.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

The great men of the ancients understood how to reconcile manual labor with affairs of state.

AGENTS WANTED!

Men and Women who have from one to two hours spare time per day, can easily earn from $3 to $10 per week, if they will act as our Agent for the sale of an article that is valuable for every household. Applicants will please give the name of one or two parties as reference, and address

P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO.,
83 MERCER STREET, New York.

BEST and CHEAPEST.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. FOR 1886

FULL SIZE DRESS PATTERNS.

TERMS (Always in Advance), $2.00 A YEAR.

UNPARALLELED OFFERS TO CLUBS.

"THE FORGET-ME-NOT."

The principal premium for getting up clubs for 1886 is a superb album, gilt, and illustrated with steel-engravings called "The Forget-Me-Not," a book of unrivaled beauty. Other premiums, however, are offered as these:

2 Copies for $3.50 4 " " 4.50	With "The Forget-Me-Not," or steel-engraving (21 x 27 inches), "Angel of Paradise," for getting up club.
4 Copies for $6.50 6 " " 9.00	With an extra copy of the magazine for 1886, as a premium, to the person getting up the club.
5 Copies for $8.00 7 " " 10.50	With both an extra copy of the magazine for 1886, and the large steel-engraving, or "The Forget-Me-Not" to the person getting up the club.

For Larger Clubs, Still Greater Inducements.

Address, postpaid, CHAS. J. PETERSON,
306 Chesnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

TRADE RED STAR MARK.

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

WHEN first gathered, chestnuts should be put in a bag—not a paper one—and exposed for a few days to the sun and air on some roof, wood pile or fence. Stir them over occasionally, so they do not sweat and mold. They will become a little wilty, and when this is the case uniformly and they seem dry, hang them in the cellar—not in any chest or closet upstairs—so that no mouse squirrel or rat can catch them. If properly cured when placed there they will remain soft and sweet all winter; if not cured they will mold in the cellar, while above the cellar they will become too hard for anybody's teeth.

SODA BISCUIT.—Put one quart of flour, before sifting, into a sieve with one teaspoon of soda and two of cream or three of baking powder, one of salt and a teaspoonful of white sugar; mix all thoroughly with the flour, run through a sieve, rub in one level tablespoon of lard or butter, or half of each, wet with half a pint of sweet milk; roll on board about an inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. If you have not milk use a little more butter and wet with water, Handle as little and make as rapidly as possible.

BUTTERMILK bread is a great delicacy. It is very easy to make, and particularly wholesome. Into each pint of buttermilk, made hot, stir flour to form a thick batter; add a couple of spoonfuls of yeast, and let it stand a few hours. Then stir in a teaspoonful of soda, the same of salt, and a couple of ounces of dissolved butter, and work in enough flour to make a nice dough. Knead well, make into loaves, and let it rise until light,

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skilful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Strength with men is insensibility, greatness is pride, and calmness is indifference.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

A joke never gains an enemy, but often loses a friend,

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.

Backache, Sharp Pains, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Torpid Liver, Lung Troubles or Lameness in any part quickly cured by the *Hop Plaster*. The soothing and pain-killing virtues of Hops combined with strengthening Gums and Extracts. The best porous plaster ever made. 25c.

A great reputation is a great charge,

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, up on the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAFFED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Some people think it an excess of magnanimity to forgive those whom they have injured.

O, my back! That lame back is caused by kidney disease. Stop it at once by Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy.

Speak of people's virtues, condone their infirmities; if you can say no good, talk no ill of them.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

DYSPEPSIA

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Mrs. Bosworth, of Amherst, N. H., after trying many "sure cures" without benefit, found that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

hit the nail on the head and restored her to health. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, &c., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds, it will cure you if you give it a fair chance. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Price $1.00.

EPITHELIOMA!

OR SKIN CANCER.

For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, and I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflamation was allayed and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and am able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little scar marks the place.
MRS. JOICIE A. MCDONALD.

Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
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PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. *Sold everywhere.*

40 ACRES FREE.—Send 10c. for particulars and reading matter to A. A. Anderson, De Smet, Dakota.

LADIES afflicted with Leucorrhœa send stamped addressed envelope to DR. EVANS, Osceola, Iowa.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O., and express office at once. The National Co., 25 DEY ST., N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

SALAD DRESSING.—Beat one raw egg in an earthern cake-dish until it is smooth, then add olive oil, a very little at a time, carefully stirring it into the egg with the right hand as you drop it in with the left. When the egg and oil make thick mixture pour a little vinegar over it, then stir in more oil, and so on in this way until you have the desired quantity of dressing; season with lemon juice, pepper, mustard, pickles or onions chopped very fine, or with celery, watercress, parsley, capers, olives, or with any flavor you choose. Hard boiled eggs may be added also.

A NICE dish for dessert is made by soaking half a pint of tapioca in cold water for two hours, then let it boil gently until it softens, slice canned peaches and put into a pudding dish, and pour the tapioca over them. Bake until the tapioca is perfectly tender; serve with sugar and cream. Dried or evaporated peaches may be used for this dish, and if they are properly cooked or softened it is almost as good as when the canned fruit is used.

CHICKEN FAT FOR CAKE.—The fat of chicken is said by a cakemaker of great experience to be far superior to the finest butter for making the most delicate cake. If the fat of boiled chickens is to be used, cook them without salt, and there will not be the slightest flavor of fowl.

A NEWLY married lady who recently graduated from Vassar College is not very well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since:

"I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago, and they were very fine. Have you got any more like them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer. "There are ten of those hams hanging up there."

"Are you sure they are all off the same pig?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I'll take three of them."

ECCLESIASTICAL ITEMS.—Teacher—"What are the names of the seven days of the week?"

Boy—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

Teacher—"That's only six days. You have missed one. When does your mother go to church?"

Boy—"When pa buys her a new hat."

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL — PURELY — DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA — VINEGAR BITTERS

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. **A Purgative** and Tonic.

This Bitters cures Female Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism,** Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

$4 A DAY AT HOME printing signs. "No experience necessary." Our patterns do the work. Samples 65 cents. A. M. MORLAN & Co., Salem, Ohio.

GEN. GRANT'S MEMOIRS.
Special arrangements and *extra terms* secured by addressing APPOMATTOX. Box 179, Phila., Pa

Telegraphy Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.
44 445

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve **PAIN** with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

It will, in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

TRAVELERS should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists; $1 a bottle.

Dr. Radway's Pills,

For **DYSPEPSIA** and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Piles, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St. N.Y.

LE PAGE'S GLUES

Used by the best manufacturers and mechanics in the world. Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., &c., *for all kinds of fine work.*

At the New Orleans Exposition, joints made with it endured a testing strain of over

1600 Pounds TO A SQUARE INCH.

Pronounced strongest glue known.

TWO GOLD MEDALS. *London*, 1883. *New Orleans*, 1885.

If your dealer does not keep it send his card and 10c. postage for sample can. FREE.
RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.

CLIMAX Unsurpassable GRADE

R. U. AWARE THAT **Lorillard's Climax Plug** bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** fine cut; that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings,** and that Lorillard's **Snuffs,** are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1886

The Companion itself hardly needs an introduction to the readers of this paper. Its subscribers number nearly 350,000. This is the fifty eighth year of its publication, and during these years it has found its way into almost every village throughout the land, until it has become truly a member of many households. The publishers have secured for the coming volume an unusual variety of entertaining and popular articles, and its Contributors already include nearly all the distinguished Authors of this country and Great Britain, and some of those of France and Germany.

Illustrated Serial Stories.

A CAPITAL SERIAL FOR BOYS, by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
IRON TRIALS, a Thrilling Story, by GEO. MANVILLE FENN.
AN ANONYMOUS LETTER, by M. R. HOUSEKEEPER.
QUEER NEIGHBORS, by C. A. STEPHENS.
'WAY DOWN IN POOR VALLEY, by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Adventures.

ARCTIC ADVENTURES, by Lieut. GREELY, U. S. N.
THE SLAVE CATCHERS of Madagascar, Lieut. SHUFELDT.
AMONG THE BREAKERS, by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.
CANADIAN ADVENTURES, by E. W. THOMSON.
ADVENTURES OF STOWAWAYS, by WM. H. RIDEING.
MY ESCAPE from Morro Castle, by a Cuban Patriot, JUAN ROMERO.
A BOY'S ADVENTURES in Montana, by JAMES W. TOWLE.
MY ADVENTURE with Road Agents, FRANK W. CALKINS.
EXPLOITS with Submarine Boats and Torpedoes in Naval Warfare, by T. C. HOYT.

Natural History.

INCIDENTS OF ANIMAL Sagacity, by REV. J. G. WOOD
NEW STORIES from the Fisheries, by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD
DOGS WHO EARN THEIR LIVING, by JAMES GREENWOOD.
STORIES of Old Trappers and Fur-Buyers, F. W. CALKINS.
AMUSING SKETCHES of Whale-Hunting, A. F. MYERS
PERILS OF PEARL DIVING, by Col. T. W. KNOX
THE ROGUE ELEPHANT, by W. T. HORNADAY
THE KEEPERS OF THE ZOO: or Anecdotes about Animals, gleaned from the Keepers of the Zoological Gardens, London, by ARTHUR RIGBY.

Special Articles.

CHANCES FOR AMERICAN BOYS, by THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.
DRAMATIC EPISODES in English History, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.
GLIMPSES OF ROUMANIA, by THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.
A MUSIC LESSON, by the Famous Singer, CHRISTINE NILSSON.
OBSCURE HEROES, by CANON FARRAR.
THE VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES, by WILKIE COLLINS.
THE SPEED OF METEORS, by RICHARD A. PROCTOR.
OUR FUTURE SHOWN BY THE CENSUS, by FRANCIS A. WALKER.
ADVICE TO YOUNG SINGERS, by CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

ADVICE TO A BOY ENTERING COLLEGE, Four Papers, by
President C. W. ELIOT, of Harvard University.
President NOAH PORTER, of Yale College.
President F. A. P. BARNARD, of Columbia College.
Professor MOSES COIT TYLER, of Cornell College.

Useful and Practical.

BOYS WHO CAME FROM THE FARM, H. BUTTERWORTH.
VIOLIN BOWING—Buying a Violin, by ROBT. D. BRAIN.
LOCKS AND KEYS; or Wonders of Locksmiths, H. E. WILLIS.
SMALL STOCK-RAISING for Boys, by LEMUEL PAXTON.
SHORT-HAND AS A PROFESSION, HERBERT W. GLEASON.
HOW TO FORM a Young Folks' Shakespeare Club, Prof. W. J. ROLFE.
HOME-SEEKING IN THE WEST—Homesteading—How Land is Pre-empted—Farming and Irrigation—How to Secure Land by Tree Culture, by E. V. SMALLEY.

Entertaining.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES of John Marshall, J. ESTEN COOKE.
DRIFTED IN: A Story of a Storm-Bound Train, OSCAR KNOX.
EXPLOITS OF AMERICAN BICYCLISTS, by BENJ. F. SPENCER.
A RAW RECRUIT, and What Happened to Him, A. D. CHILDS.
STORIES OF LETTER-CARRIERS, by T. W. STARKWEATHER.
THE PERILS OF PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN, Dr. W. A. HAMMOND.
A BOY at the Battle of Fredericksburg, by THOS. S. HOPKINS.
THE "CRITTER BACK" REGIMENT, and Other Tales of Old Campaigns, by AMOS MURRAY.

Illustrated Sketches.

YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, H. W. LUCY.
AMONG CANNIBALS, by JOSEPH HATTON.
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS BISMARCK, by MRS. E. M. AMES.
LORD TENNYSON AMONG HIS FAMILIARS, by BRAM STOKER.
FIGHTING THE ARCTIC COLD, by Lieut. SCHWATKA.
AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE IN THE WILD WEST, J. L. HARBOUR.
LIFE IN TURKEY, by the U. S. Minister to Turkey, Hon. S. S. COX.
TRICKS OF MAGIC AND CONJURING EXPLAINED, "PROF. HOFFMAN."
BITS OF TRAVEL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA and Santa Fe, by HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Subscription, $1.75 a Year. Sample Copies Free.

This will appear ONLY ONCE in this paper.

FREE TO JAN. 1, 1886

If you will cut out this slip and send it to us with your name and Post-Office Address and $1.75, we will send you the COMPANION FREE from the time the subscription is received to Jan. 1st, 1886, and a full year's subscription from that time to Jan. 1st, 1887. This offer includes (until the editions are exhausted) the DOUBLE THANKSGIVING and CHRISTMAS NUMBERS of 20 Pages each, with Colored Covers, and full-page Pictures surpassing any previous issues. No offer equal to this is made by any other paper. *Send Money Order, Check or Registered Letter.* Address PERRY MASON & CO., Publishers, 37 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE'S NEW SERIAL STORY WILL BEGIN WITH THE FIRST ISSUE IN JANUARY.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 18, 1885.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

BUSH ARCADE. BUSH ARCADE

Children's Jersey Caps at 15, 25, 30 and 35 cents.

Cashmere Hose for Ladies, full regular made, at 25 cents, in colors and black.

Our Cloths—Trico Home-spun and Jamestown goods are selling rapidly.

By the way we can show you the finest line of 1¼ yard wide Cloths and Trico you ever saw. Our price is 55 cents; not one week 60c, next week 50c, but each week alike—55 cents.

Dress Braids from an ⅛ of an inch to 3 inches wide.

Wool Laces in all colors and widths.

Fedora Buckles and Clasps for dresses.

Wrap Fringes in all shades. Our line is acknowledged to be the finest.

Velvet Ribbon in pink, blue, cardinal and common colors—satin back.

D. GARMAN & SON.

Bush Arcade, - - Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Clasps for dresses—Garmans. 11

——Clymer family to-night.

— Farmers are mostly done husking corn.

——Good opening for a doctor at Spring Mills.

Wraps, fringes, braid and wool laces—Garmans. o11

——Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wolf are visiting in Williamsport.

Saxony, Germantown and common yarn—Garmans. o11

——Rev. Mr. Whitney's wife is visiting friends in the valley.

——ORIENTAL is the best in the market. Try a sack.

——Howard Homan, of Aaronsburg, is about to move to Centre Hall.

——Michael Frank, a citizen of Penn twp., died on 13, aged some 70 years.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

——Mr. Daniel Fleisher has driven stakes for a new house near the railroad

——Monday and Tuesday were delightful days—like the beginning of Indian summer.

——The Centre Hall station is one of the liveliest on the road, with stir and trade increasing.

——The Reformed parsonage is fast being completed. It will be a handsome building when finished.

——Rev. Mac. Rishel, Methodist pastor of a charge below Lewistown, is visiting his parents here.

——Mr. David Lohr, of Farmers Mills, has purchased a lot and will erect a house at Centre Hall.

——Mr. D. C. Keller has already erected a large new stable to take the place of the one recently burned.

——Corn meal grists will be ground at the Centre Hall roller mill, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. tf

——About a dozen of new houses are already fixed upon to be erected in Centre Hall the ensuing year.

——Lettie Ross had a pretty little birthday party Tuesday night—much to the delight of the little folks.

——Plasterers at the new church at Millheim are frozen up. No more work this fall unless it moderates.

——The Spring Mills band is flourishing and discourses fine music, and as an organization favors temperance.

——Zerby, Penn Cave and Axmann are the names of three new stations placed on the schedule of our road.

——Saturday and Sunday were raw and cold, with a snow squall at night that put a white face on the ground.

——The Lutheran members of the Centre Hall charge are putting in a gratis day's work filling up around their new church.

——Dry goods at cost at Dinges' store. Exchange for turkeys, ducks, chickens, butter, eggs, chestnuts, etc. Give Dinges's store a call.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——Millheimers are complaining of want of "fire" in their hook and ladder company. A big blaze would waken them up—when it's too late.

——The railroad officials passed over our road in a special on Tuesday, and by invitation of Sup't Westfall, we had the pleasure of joining the party.

——The Clymer family, of Milton, gave a musical entertainment in Aaronsburg, on 14. They furnish excellent music. Andy Immel entertained them over Sunday.

——The scaffold has been taken from the spire of the new Lutheran church and the plastering of the different rooms is now being done to be followed by frescoing.

——Pomona Grange of Centre county will meet at Centre Hall, Friday, Nov. 27, at 10 a. m. Business of importance will be transacted and a full attendance is desired.

——Sausages are getting ripe—the squealing of hogs early in the morning is a certain indication of it. Who will stuff the longest sausage and who eat the biggest piece?

——A winterish blast greeted us beginning of this week, which froze the ground in some localities. There was a general demand for overcoats and more coal for the stoves.

——Sup't Westfall, Mr. Harrar, Mr. Seymour, and other railroad officials of the P. & E. Div. passed over our road on Tuesday, in a special car, accompanied by Mr. Maginnis of the Williamsport *Gazette & Bulletin*; Mr Housten, of Montgomery, and Messrs. M'Farlane, Hess, Wolf and the editor of the REPORTER, and had quite a pleasant trip. A notable feature being Mr. Hess' large and elegant rambos with which he boarded the train at L. H. The entire party dined at the Bush House. Mr. Westfall and his staff are desirous to learn the wants of the people along our road in order to give them all possible railroad accommodation and facilities, and we can assure our people that nothing will be left undone in this regard. Mr. Maginnis can add much to the pleasures of a trip by a narration of the modus operandi of a Mexican bull fight which he witnessed while in that country last summer.

——REMOVAL OF CORPSES.—On Saturday, 14, the remains of the following persons were removed from the family burial ground at Potters Mills, and were deposited in the cemetery at Bellefonte, in a lot purchased for that purpose:

Dr James P. Wilson, buried in 1863, and his daughter Julia, aged about eight years, whose remains were buried in the same grave.

Mrs. Mary Wilson (mother of Dr. Jas. P. Wilson,) who was buried in 1862.

Hon. Wm. W. Potter, who was buried in 1838. He was a grandson of General Potter, of revolutionary fame. He was born at Potters Mills, Dec. 18, 1792; was admitted to the bar in April, 1814; was elected to congress in 1836 and 1838, where he gained a high reputation and was the leader of the Democratic delegation from Pennsylvania. He died in his 48th year. He left no children.

——The first work of real importance that should be taken up by our town council is to fix upon the street line from the lower end of town to the depot. This is a matter that must be attended to some time and the longer it is delayed the greater will be the expense and difficulty. Persons who wish to build in that section will be relieved of the suspense as to where the line will be. Land taken from one side should be paid for by the party getting it on the opposite side the road, at a fair value. A walk should also be provided for to the station. There is much travel in and out, and it will not be to the credit of our town if pedestrians must wade through mud, ankle deep, all winter and next spring. Hope our council will be prompt in these matters.

——The celebrated Clymer family will give a concert in this place this, Wednesday, evening. This family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Clymer and seven children, and is equipped with silver instruments of the latest musical invention, and discourse music second to no band that has traveled this part of the state. They always draw crowded houses and are pressed to return again where they have once been heard. They are a musical marvel.

——West Smith, one of Centre Hall's young men, has gone and taken himself a wife. West has been employed in the REPORTER office for a number of years, hence knew how to make an "impression" upon one of Boalsburg's fair damsels and has "locked forms" with her. The pair have the REPORTER's best wishes. May sorrow never come across their pathway, and life be strewn with happiness for the bride and groom.

——Powers & Son are still alive and doing the largest business in boots and shoes in the county. People go to Powers' and see and then buy. Powers' stock of goods always speaks for itself and the prices are so satisfactory that people can't help but buy. Boots and shoes for all classes, sexes and ages, and no misrepresentation or paper-filled article. The public are asked to call and see their stock, no matter whether wanting to purchase or not.

——The boro' dads should at once provide for some kind of an apparatus to extinguish fires; don't wait until a big fire is had, do it in time to prevent such a calamity. There are some very simple and cheap machines made for this purpose and to suit small towns, which would come handy at the next fire. It may cause a little tax and a little grumbling—no matter about that—the saving may amount to thousands.

——An attempt was made to burglarize Dr. Chas. Smith, residing near Clinton Dale, Clinton county. The party entered the house by a ladder to an upstairs window, but on entering the bedroom the Dr. wakened up and routed them. He had received a registered letter that day containing a note, and it is thought the idea that it contained money led the party to the search.

——Miss Mamie Hillbish, familiarly known in this place, and Mr. J. B Reed, a prominent Philadelphian, were married in Lock Haven, Tuesday evening. The happy couple will visit Washington, New York and Boston, after which they will make Philadelphia their home. Success to them.

——Those of our patrons who have kindly responded to our request for material aid, in whole or part of their accounts, have our thanks. If any others that may yet bear our needs in mind make us a remittance they may appropriate to themselves a liberal share of our thanks.

——Mr. Donachy, artist, of Lewisburg, has obtained the contract for frescoing the new Lutheran church in this place. Mr. D. has done some fine work in Lock Haven and other large towns, and the work in the church here is to be of the finest class.

——The Boalsburg Modocs returned from their hunting expedition in the Seven Mts., on Friday, with five deer and a large bear. Their party numbered fifteen men, and their success this season keeps up their good record.

——The Pocohontas, Io, *Record*, 12th, says: Mrs. Sarah Harpster, of Centre Hall, Pa., arrived at this place yesterday. She is a sister-in-law of Mrs H. W. Bissel, and intends to pay the Bissells an extended visit.

☞For $2 in advance we will send the REPORTER one year and the NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD six months. The two papers for the time named, for $2. This offer we make to induce advance payment. tf

——After Sept. 1 our stock of zephyrs, yarns, embroidery and knitting silks, and everything pertaining to the line of fancy work, will be complete and kept up as it formerly was at our old stand before the fire. GOLDSMITH BROS.

FROM COBURN.

Times are pretty brisk about here. The grain business is picking up. The potato boom is over and the barley boom has taken its place—Whitmer & Lincoln are loading a car and S. R. Gettig has a car load about ready to ship; they are paying 55 cents for No. 1 barley.

There was quite an excitement here when we heard the news that J. Harvey Smith was waylayed and robbed in Williamsport. Items in newspapers say that he had been on a spree, etc. That must be a mistake, for Harvey was a strict temperance man and a perfect gentleman in every respect. The writer has known him for several years and shared his company many times, and never saw him take an intoxicating drink of any kind. This statement the citizens will all be ready to verify. Harvey has been doing business here for over a year, and is much thought of. The papers have done Mr. Smith a big injury. At last accounts he was at his home in Ashland doing as well as possible. We are anxious for his return.

W. A. Kreamer has moved into his new mansion, and it is a nice and cosy place of which he can feel proud.

Judge Ard is putting the finishing touches on his house but don't intend occupying it until spring.

The Vanderbilt house has changed hands Mr. Jacob Reed is sole proprietor, and has contracted with Jacob Winkelotech and Tom Smith to finish it till March. The Parker house had two additions added to it.

Whitmer & Lincoln have put a roof over their scales. Thus you see improvements are going on in all corners.

The E. V. Association has had a series of meetings going on for the last two weeks.

Mine host, Joe Kleckner, says biz has been rather dull since camp.

The telephone works nicely and all are well pleased. It is a handy arrangement.

O. K.

AARONSBURG.

There is a water fight at the western end of town—if war breaks out there may be a rise in grain.

We lose one of our mechanics soon, Howard Homan, who moves to Centre Hall this fall.

The change in post-master was a good one—Mr. Yearick is one of our best Democrats, and always at his post.

Our people keep discussing next summer's centennial—glad the REPORTER worked it up so well.

The oldest lady in our town, Mrs. Emanuel Ettinger, is in feeble health.

Mrs. Foster and daughter, Maise, Mrs. Coburn, and others, took in the Moody meetings at Bellefonte last week and don't regret the trip and time spent.

Cold feet—two feet of snow. Bad cold—one settled on the lungs. Good cure—Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine.

Dr. Sawbones says the surest way to take a cold is to be always hugging a stove. Young man, remember this, and when you go to see your girl on Sunday night don't spend your time hugging the stove; but if you do get a cold Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine can be relied upon to cure you.

Did it ever occur to you, thoughtful and prudent reader, that Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine must be an article of real merit, or how could the manufacturer ever be able to advertise "money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers." Sold by J. D Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

It will not disappoint you. It is the best article known for purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. For 25 years erysipelas broke out in blotches on my face. I found no cure until I used Parker's Tonic two years ago. It is the medicine for me.—E. C. H. nov

Whisky and the Weed.—When it becomes clearly understood that Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine is not only a specific for epilepsy, nervous diseases, liver and kidney diseases, scrofula, and a host of other disorders, but also inebriety, thousands will rise up and call the discoverer blessed $1.50 at druggists.

"We do not have to recommend Parker's Hair Balsam but once," writes C. A. Burger, druggist, of Liberty, N Y. "After that it stands on its record." It stops falling hair, restores original color, softness and gloss. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff. nov

Try the wonderful preparation, Keller's Catarrh Remedy, the absolute and positive cure for catarrh, malalia, skin diseases, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all blood diseases. Its success is remarkable.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla works directly and promptly to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is in the truest sense an alterative medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

For rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, cramp and colic there is no remedy superior to the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

— TO THE CITIZENS OF CENTRE HALL.—The Centre Hall bakery is better than ever prepared to furnish its customers, and all others, with fresh bread, rolls, cakes, &c. All kinds of cakes kept on hand or furnished on short notice. You can see the sign. M. WILLOW.

——"O yes, O yes!"—If you have a sale to cry Jas N. Leitzel, of Spring Mills, has the lungs, wind and tact to put it through for you to your utmost satisfaction. His large experience as an auctioneer puts him to the front in that business.

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

——Our stock of fall and winter woolens is now in, and on all orders for the next 30 days, we will allow a discount of 10 per cent. GOLDSMITH BROS., Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte, Pa.

——Rev. S W. Pomeroy will preach in the Presbyterian church, at Centre Hill, on Sabbath morning, next, at 10:30 o'clock.

Merino hosiery and underwear—Garmans. o11

Hoods, mitts, little socks, children's knit socks—Garmans. o11

THE CHEAPEST STORE IN CENTRE HALL.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW AT WOLF'S.

☞What we do not have on hand we will order.

At Wm. Wolf & Son's

THERE IS A GRAND DISPLAY IN

Fall and Winter

GOODS.

The list, among a thousand other things is made up of

Latest Style Ladies' Dress Goods,

which can not be excelled by any store in the county.

Ladies' Trimmings

For Dresses, Bonnets, and Hats, all of the new styles.

NO OLD STYLES BOUGHT

but an assortment right up to what is worn in any city.

LADIES, CALL AND SEE

and if you don't wish to buy goods will be shown with pleasure.

UNDERWEAR for Ladies, Gents and Children, at a bargain.

HOSIERY for all, and lower than the lowest. A full line.

FANCY GOODS.—Everything in the line of fancy goods.

Ready-Made Clothing,

for men and boys. Overcoats lower than any retail store in the city.

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, for men, women and children, very nice assortment and cheap.

FINE GLASS WARE for Holiday presents. All the latest designs.

BLANKETS, for all uses, for man and beasts, a large assortment at all prices. Fancy and plain.

Clothes and Cassimeres

For men, the latest paterns. In fact, our Dry-goods department is FULL AND COMPLETE, and we can please any and all tastes of men, women and children.

The Grocery Department

has the best Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Syrups, etc., that the market affords, We keep no adulterated goods to sell as genuine.

Give us a call, at the old stand, and if we have not what you want, we'll get it, and guarantee satisfaction.

We give the highest prices for all kinds of produce.

WM. WOLF & SON.

GOOD GOODS. NO TRASH. NO SHODDY.

PRODUCE WANTED. GOOD PRICES PAID.

AN ENTERPRISING AND RELIABLE HOUSE.

J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising and reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the throat, lungs and chest, and to show our confidence we invite you to call and get a sample bottle free.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Brights disease, diabetes, weak back, or urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at fifty cents a bottle, by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, duggists. jan7y

If people troubled with colds would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both speaker and hearers. Public speakers and singers find that the Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

DIGESTION THE GREATEST SECRET OF LIFE.

A good digestion secured by taking Simmon's Liver Regulator.

"It is the only medicine that relieved me after suffering five years with dyspepsia, heartburn, sick headache and constipation. GEO. S. AYRES, Delaplane, Station, Va."

MARRIED.

On Nov. 8, at the residence of Mr. James Smith, in Millheim, by Rev M. L. Deitzler, William J. Mauck, of Salona, and Miss Anna R. Hoover, of Nittany Hall.

On Nov. 8, at the Lutheran parsonage, at Aaronsburg, by the same, Simon Corman, of Aaronsburg, and Miss Lydia Benner, of Woodward.

On evening of Nov. 12th, at the Spring Mills House, Spring Mills, Pa., by Rev. W. E Fischer, S. W. Smith, of Centre Hall, and Miss Jennie L. Kuhn, of Boalsburg.

DIED.

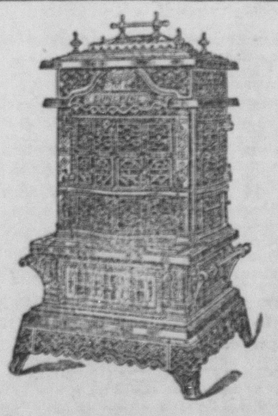
On Nov. 11, at the house of John Harshberger, in Penn twp., Elizabeth MacGregor, aged 65 years. She was buried at Lewisburg.

A. G. NOLL,

BOOT and SHOE MAKER,

CENTRE HALL.

The undersigned has opened a shop in the rear of the bank, on Church street, and is prepared to do all kinds of work. New boots and shoes made to order, and repairing done. Satisfaction is guaranteed and all work promptly attended to. He kindly asks a share of the public patronage. [out18ja'y] A. G. NOLL.



J. A. REESMAN.

Has just received a fine lot of Stoves.

Heaters, Cooks, Ranges, Nickled And Plain,

Call and see Them.

NEW YORK

OBSERVER,

OLDEST AND BEST

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NATIONAL AND EVANGELICAL.

ALL THE NEWS VIGOROUS EDITORIALS.

A trustworthy paper for business men. It has special departments for Farmers, Sunday School Teachers and Housekeepers.

The New York Observer

FOR 1886,

SIXTY-FOURTH VOLUME,

will contain a new and never before published series of "Irenaeus Letters"; regular correspondence from Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy; Letters from Mission Stations in India, China, Japan, Africa and Micronesia; original articles from men of influence and knowledge of affairs in different parts of this country, and selected articles from the choicest literary and religious publications, in poetry and prose.

A New Volume containing a Second Series of "Irenaeus Letters," a sketch of his life and work, will shortly be published.

We shall offer this year special and attractive inducements to subscribers and friends. Sample copies free.

NEW YORK OBSERVER

18nov3t New York.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Margaret A. Woods, late of Gregg twp, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. 18nov6t S. A. WOODS, Ex'r.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE, AT CENTRE HALL.—The undersigned offers his large 2 Story Brick Dwelling House and Lot at private sale. Stable and all other outbuildings are also of brick, except corn-crib and ice house. All buildings are new. Choice fruit on the lot, and a cistern near the door. Heater in cellar can be bought with property if desired. Will be sold very cheap. For further information apply to H. E. ZERBE, 21oct2m Centre Hall.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned heirs of William Harter, dec'd, late of Aaronsburg, Centre Co., Pa., will expose on the premises, one mile southeast of Aaronsburg, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1885,

the following valuable real estate, to wit:

No. 1. All that certain tract of land situate in Haines township, county and state aforesaid, CONTAINING 105 ACRES, more or less, bounded north by lands of Jesse Wert, east by John Bower, et, al., and west by Luther Kurtz and public road, south by Jacob Bower, et. al., on which is erected a GOOD DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and all other necessary out buildings. Good ORCHARD, Good Fruit, and Excellent Water near the door. This land is all clear and under a good state of cultivation, excepting about 15 ACRES, which is well timbered with White Pine and Oak.

No. 2. A piece of mountain land situate two miles east of Coburn, county and state aforesaid, bounded by lands of Adam Jordon, Michael Stover, et. al., containing about 10 ACRES, more or less. This tract is well set with Chestnut and Rock Oak Timber.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a. m., when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known For further information apply to Jonathan Harter, Millheim. THE HEIRS.

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas R. Smith and the Hon. Lester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept bearing date 1st day of Oct 1885, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Third Monday of Nov next, being the 16th day of Nov, 1885, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 9th day of Oct in the year of our Lord 1885, and the one hundred and tenth year of the Independence of the United States. W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 16, 1885.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		28
" Western "		28
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	27
" " "	bbls	26
Western, ex brands	crates	24
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	9
" mixed "	"	9
" Western, straight	"	8
" " mixed	"	8
Chickens, Spring	"	9
Roosters	" 5	6
Ducks, Spring	"	10
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Turkeys, extra, young	per lb	14
" poor to medium	"	9
" old toms	"	10
Spring Chickens, dry picked	"	12
" scalded	"	10
" Ducks	"	12
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	7
" Fair to good	" 5	5¾
" Common stock	" 3	4
Sheep, prime	"	3½
Lambs, extra	"	6
Live Cattle	" 5	6
Hogs, live	" 5¾	6
Pigs, live	" 4	5
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Cabbage	per basket	35
"	per 100	$3 50
Apples, new	per bbl	2 00
Potatoes, Early Rose	per bus 55	58
" Burbanks, choice	" 50	53
" Mixed Lots	" 38	45
Sweet Potatoes	per basket 35	40
" Jersey, extra	" 1 50	1 75
" Md	"	1 50
HAY AND STRAW.		
Timothy, choice	per ton $	$16 00
" fair	" " 12 00	15 00
Cut Hay	"	22 00
Rye Straw	"	19 00
Wheat Straw	"	10 00
Oat Straw	"	9 50
SEEDS.		
Timothy	per bu 1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb	9½ 10
Flax	per bu	1 40
CHEESE.		
N Y Factory, choice		11¾
Ohio, fat, fine		10½
DRIED FRUIT.		
Pitted Cherries	per lb 9	10½
Raspberries	"	17
Blackberries	"	7½ 8
WOOL.		
Tub-Washed	per lb 30	33
Unwashed	" 21	24
FEATHERS.		
Choice Geese	per lb 50	51
Prime "	" 47	49
Chicken	" 4	5
Turkey, as to quality	" 7	8
Duck	" 25	30
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry	per lb 10	12
Calf, Salted	" 12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	" 5½	6
" " Cow	" 5	5½
" " Bull	" 4	4½
" Salted Steer	" 8½	9
" " Cow	"	9
Sheep Skins, per piece	25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb 6¾	7¾
Tallow, Solid	"	7
" Cake	"	5¾
Honey in Comb	" 10	11
Country Soap	" 5	6

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Wheat	"	85½	—91
Corn	"	40	—50
Oats	"	25½	—36
Pork	"	$ 55½	
Lard	"	5.87½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
238outh Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	85
White & Mixed	80
Rye	56
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	40
Clover seed large	5 00
Clover seed small	6 00
Timothy seed	2 00
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter 1 tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 12 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	14
Ham	15	Sides	8
Shoulders	6	Potatoes	35

—o—

GRAIN

Wanted at the Centre Hall ROLLER MILL, for which the following prices are paid:

Red wheat	$ 85	Shelled Corn	$ 45
White and mixed	90	Oats	25
Barley	55	Rye	55